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No. 367.

STAR OF MY SOUL

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Star of my soul, shine on me in thy splendor;
Lean o'er thy casement's rose-encircled bar!
My heaven is in thine eyes, so darkly tender.
My soul is like a sea, and thou its star.
The ocean mirrors, in its tranquil bosom,
Full many a star, but I have only thee.
Oh, radiant face, beam on me like a blossom—
The one sweet blossom of the world to me!

Star of my soul, if I might climb and kiss thee
With my heart's passion brimming on my mouth,
Thenceform in absent moments thou wouldst

miss me,
As roses miss the sweet wind from the south.
And then I know that I might win and wear thee
Forevermore upon my faithful heart.
If thou couldst only know the love I bear thee,
Not death nor fate could keep our souls apart.

Star of my soul! Oh, sweet, fair star! The bird sings at thy casement bar; My heart is singing at thy feet In sorrow deep as love is sweet.

The Girl Rivals;

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

FIRELIGHT over everything in Farmer Fletcher's sitting room—over the ample hearth of old-fashioned, blue Dutch tiles—over the red-and-blue Turkey carpet—over the broad, white, unpapered walls, with their pictures of George and Martha Washington, and over the comfortably-low ceiling—over the two front windows, with their curtains undrawn—and beyond them, over the deep, deep, spotless, shining snow outside, making it blush warmly as the brow of beauty under the eye of love. Yet, though it flung its flattering radiance over everything in the great, homelike room, there were objects there upon which this coquettish firelight lingered with a rosier and more loving touch than upon others. It seemed, for instance, to wrap itself about the burnished pewter pitcher—full to the brim of spiced cider, on whose surface bobbed sundry roasted apples, seething in warmth and fragrance—which stood as near as safety would permit to the glittering brass andirons; and to caress the white cat and her two fluffy kittens who lay on the rug, basking in the A GHOST AT THE WINDOW. fluffy kittens who lay on the rug, basking in the

luxury of heat.

It lighted up very becomingly the face, forehead, black, crispy hair and handsome features of the schoolmaster, who sat near the round mahogany table, with claw feet, which stood in the hogany table, with claw feet, which stood in the center of the room, supporting the tall lamp which "paled its ineffectual fires" in the face of that glowing heap of hickory logs in the fireplace. It shone into the bright, honest eyes of one of his pupils, a boy of fourteen; it played hide-and-seek with Mrs. Fletcher's knitting-needles, and made two comical fire-balls of Farmer Fletcher's spectacles, as he read the paper. But most tenderly, most lovingly, this rosy light lingered on the lovely face and figure of Ruth, the daughter of the house. She, too, was a pupil of the schoolmaster, who, in his experience of "boarding round," had at length found himself, much to his secret delight, at the farmhouse toward which he had for some time cast a longing eye.

a longing eye.
It is cold in Massachusetts in December, but it was not cold in this charming, old-fashioned

That dancing firelight kept everybody in a glow. At least, it must have been that which made Ruth's cheeks so red, as she bent over her made Ruth's cheeks so red, as she bent over her slate, apparently deeply absorbed in an algebraic problem. Perhaps the teacher wondered if she were going to be able to solve it without his help, for he kept those black eyes of his fixed on her face quite as steadily as hers were glued to the slate. But it was the firelight, of course, which made her seem to blush, and not the consciousness of his regard. It was known in school that the master was quite an artist—he drew wonderful portraits on the blackboard at times, to amuse himself during recess—and if he had been studying Ruth for the purpose of making a picture, he could not have looked at her more earnestly. An exquisitely-pretty picture ing a picture, he could not have looked at her more earnestly. An exquisitely-pretty picture she would have made, with her graceful head inclined over her slate, the rosy light dancing over her gold-brown hair and glittering on the curved ends of long, dark lashes—over the delicate, dark brows, the young forehead white as snow, the flushed cheeks, and the dainty, scarcely-developed figure of a girl of sixteem. Ruth had donned her merino dress, with a lace ruffle and rose-colored bow at the neck, in honor of their boarder.

Besides this, she had a pink carnation and geranium-leaf in her hair, a gift from the

geranium-leaf in her hair, a gift from the schoolmaster, who had received a box of flow-ers from Boston the day previous—flowers were costly and rare luxuries at Pentackut in Decem-

"Have you decided to go to Boston to spend the holidays, Mr. Otis?" asked Farmer Fletcher,

the holidays, Mr. Otis?" asked Farmer Fletcher, laying down his paper.

The young man started, and a red streak rose slowly in either olive-pale cheek; he had been so absorbed in his study of the speaker's daughter—and in certain dark thoughts that lay restless but hidden in his breast—that the question came upon him like a surprise. Ruth looked up, interested in his answer, and so did her mother and David, her brother. They all liked the "schoolmaster," and had invited him to spend the time with them from the present until the day after New Year's. He had answered them, that morning at the breakfast-table, that he had business of some importance to transact in Bosbusiness of some importance to transact in Bos-ton, and did not know but he should be com-pelled to take the holidays for attending to it; but that inclination tempted him to accept their kind hospitality. kind hospitality.



HONORIA. "Mademoiselle," said Otis, respectfully, "is there anything wrong? Can I be of any assistance?" RUTH.

"I should like nothing so well as to remain here, in this delightful house, with your plea-sant family," he had said, with great earnest-ness. "This is my first winter in the country; it has the charm of novelty; and I should like to keep Christmas in the old-fashioned way with you. But I fear I cannot."

you. But I fear I cannot."

He looked up now with a start and a flush as the question as to his decision was asked him. After a moment, forcing a laugh at his own ner-

vous action, he replied:
"I find that I am obliged to go, Mr. Fletcher;
I had a letter to-day which decided the matter.
However, I have compromised with my conscience—I shall remain here, since you have so kindly urged me, until the day after Christmas.
This arrangement will give me time to accom-This arrangement will give me time to accomplish what I have to do in Boston."
"I dare say you will be glad to make New

Year's calls on your fashionable city friends; of which, we understand, you have such numbers," remarked Ruth, with just the least perceptible flash of her beautiful eyes and pout of

or rosy lips. The schoolmaster looked at her an instant, but his eyes were cast down as he answered in a low

"I shall not make a single call on that day. I am going on business-and disagreeable business

too."
"It's a wonder you condescend to teach school, Mr. Otis!" Huth continued, with still more of a curl of her rose-leaf lips.
"Why?"
"Ohy don't know. Only you have such an

"Oh, I don't know. Only, you have such an air—and they do say your relatives are all as rich as Crossus, and as proud as the Czar of all the Russias."

rich as Crœsus, and as proud as the Czar of all the Russias."

"Ruth!" spoke up her mother, reprovingly.

"Oh, I know, mother! You need not remind me that I am unladylike. It's bad enough to have Mr. Otis laugh at me." For the teacher had smiled in a grave, doubtful way which the imperious young beauty did not like. Ruth was the belle of her own neighborhood, and could have "her pick of beaux," yet could not prevent herself from becoming fascinated with this stranger, of whose opinion of herself she was so uncertain. Sometimes she thought he was in love with her; again, that he secretly scorned her, despised her family, and only flattered her for his own amusement.

It was this uncertainty which made Ruth Fletcher sometimes tremble and blush under his regard, as timid as a frightened dove; and at others peck angrily at the hand which would have caressed her. The schoolmaster was older than the girl of sixteen, and very wise of his years; and perhaps he understood these little freaks of temper, and did laugh at her. He answered her now quite seriously:

"My relatives may have unbounded wealth; but my own store is so small that I must needs add to it. I will not beg—or, if I am compelled to, it will be of strangers and not of my own blood."

"But influential friends generally set young gentlemen up in business, and help them on," urged Ruth.

urged Ruth.

"My friends did set me up in business once; but I made a miserable failure. They were severe on me, and I quarreled with them, and since then I have left them to their bad opinion of me, if you must know the truth, Miss Fletcher."

"Oh!" murmured she, "I did not mean to be inquisitive, or—or, impertinent, Mr. Otis. It is none of my business, I know; and I begyour pardon."

be inquisitive, or—or, impertinent, Mr. Otia. It is none of my business, I know; and I bey your pardon."

The soft violet eyes looked piteously into the gloomy ones of the teacher, who replied courteously, but who seemed to have been aroused to painful reminiscences by the turn the conversation had taken. A dark, stern look that was almost a scowl settled on his handsome face; he stared into the glowing fire as if he saw some frightful picture in the ruby coals that glimmered, flashed and crumbled under the burning fore-log. It was now Ruth's turn to watch his countenance, and to wonder what was in his mind, and to wish, with all her passionate, foolish heart, that she knew more about his past life. The farmer, yawning, bade David pass around the cider, after which he and "mother" went off to bed, with an injunction to "the children" to follow speedily—a mandate which David, sleepy with some study and more coasting, soon obeyed; but Ruth still sat by the round-table, her wistful eyes following the teacher, who, oblivious of her existence, now paced up and down the length of the fire-lighted room—his head drooped upon his breast, his whole expression indicating deep and painful thought. At intervals he would pause by the uncurtained window and gaze out on the fire-litten snow, which looked as if stained with uncurtained window and gaze out on the fire-litten snow, which looked as if stained with

Nearly an hour passed in this way, when he approached the table and seemed about drawing something from his breast-pocket, but started on perceiving Ruth, exclaiming, almost harsh-

"What! you here still?"
The tears had been standing in the poor girl's eyes for a long time. They now rolled down her cheeks at being addressed so curtly, and rising she would have fled from the room; but the sight of those glistening drops recalled her companion to a sense of his rudeness, and stretching out his hand he drew her back, kissed her gently on the forehead and then pushed her from him, but with a soft firmness which she could not choose but obey.

not choose but obey.
Ruth, at the door, paused and turned as if asking to be recalled; but he had again forgotten her existence, and with a heavy sigh she

went away.

If the sigh which the girl breathed was a sad one that which broke laboringly from the breast of the man she left, when he found himself alone, was more like a moan than a sigh. The gasp of the night-wind, shuddering at the casement, was not so dreary.

To the conscience of the man who stood there, trembling and listening, it seemed to be her voice, begging and pleading to be taken to his

Her voice—the writer of the letter which he now drew from his bosom, and, unfolding, held its delicate characters to the light of the

held its delicate characters to the light of the lamp.

For the huge fire had by this time smoldered down to a red core of heat, whose cheerful glow in vain strove to combat the shadows which filled the further limits of the room. Those sleepless shadows crept closer and closer about him, from every side, as he stood by the dimming lamp, reading and re-reading—as one who sees without comprehending—the lines traced on the violet-scented paper:

"I have found out where you are, Otis, as you

violet-scented paper:

"I have found out where you are, Otis, as you will see by the direction of this. I am far from well this winter; indeed, I am telling you the truth. I feel that I cannot live long—at least, if you treat me as you have been doing. I wish you would come and see me. Ah, for God's sake come and see me, dear Otis. I am so lonely, now mother is dead. Come and see me just once. Oh, come, and let your poor unhappy little wife again hear you speak, see you smile, or even frown. Yes, if you come only to curse me, I still pray you to come. You cannot think how dreadful it is to be alone as I am. I lie awake all night thinking of you. I know that you hate and despise me. I am not wholly to blame. Yet, if I had it in my power, I would undo everything—not for my sake, but for yours, dear Otis. Yes, if I could go back one miserable year I would do it.

do it.
"Otis, Otis, have mercy on me, and come, if only once, if only for an hour.
"Your poor little wife, MILDRED."

And while Ruth Fletcher, the innocent school girl, wept herself to sleep on her pillow, because Mr. Otis had been so indifferent to her that evening, the teacher stood alone in the darkening room, surrounded by shadows which chilled his very blood, while the running night-wind, as it passed, snatched at the rattling window, shaking it, and wailing out: "Come, come, come! If only for an hour, for God's sake, come!"

Oh, the terrible sting of the adder, Conscience! You may drowse it for a day, but it will start to life, and pierce your soul with mortal pangs, in the very midst of joy and fancied security.

That night it struck its fangs into the hardening heart of Otis Garner.

CHAPTER II.

ONCE upon a time, in one of the elegant rooms of a certain young men's club of Boston, four young gentlemen sat at a card-table playing whist. The game itself was respectable enough: the parties playing it belonged to the creme de la creme of fashionable society. The only serious misfortune which had, thus far, befallen any one of this distinguished quartette was the

very sad misfortune of having too much money to spend. Not having so much self-denial as money, they constantly made foolish use of the latter. They were doing so now. For, on another table within reach, stood several bottles of champagne, to which they had frequent recurrence as the game progressed. The effect of this lavish supply of champagne was to make them very merry. And if we are to judge by a conversation which took place amongst them about eleven o'clock P. M., it made them as foolish as it did "jolly." In it they agreed to play a last game, and the losing partners were solemnly pledged, on their word of honor, to toss up for the lot, and whichever one of the two lost, was pledged to start from the steps of the Tremont House as the bell struck twelve on the morrow noon, and walking slowly toward the Common, offer himself to the first young woman he met, and marry her if she accepted him.

Such a wager as this was highly exciting, provoking hilarity as the game progressed; and when, at the close, Otis Garner found himself not only a loser of the game, but the owner of the gold eagle which came down "heads, I lose," he burst into a roar of laughter, professing himself not only willing but eager to keep his promise. Oh, that lonesome, wintry night-wind! It had stolen out of the far darkness and now mouned at the fire-litten window as if pleading money, they constantly made foolish use of the

ng himself not only willing but eager to keep his promise.

All that he demanded of his gay friends was,

All that he demanded of his gay friends was that they should not betray the "lark" until after the walk was taken, as he did not wish his acquaintances to crowd the pavement in front of the Tremont, nor follow him, while he was fulfilling the wager. They promised to keep the secret, and the four separated at two in the morning, in glorious good spirits, feeling that morning, in glorious good spirits, feeling that they had originated an idea which ought to make them immortal.

they had originated an idea which ought to make them immortal.

But when Otis Garner woke up in his luxurious chamber in his uncle's house at ten the following morning, he was not so certain that he had done the brightest thing that ever was.

His uncle, he was quite sure, would not admire the idea. Otis was unpleasantly dependent on this uncle. His own parents were dead, and the few thousands of dollars they had been able to leave him—his father having lost nearly all his fortune in stock speculations shortly before he died—were spent long ago. But his uncle Garner was a childless widower, and he was the same as an adopted son to the old gentleman; so that Otis never troubled himself about his prospects. It is not strange that he rested secure as the heir of his uncle's millions; for he was petted and humored like an only child.

Every one flattered and indulged Otis Garner. His beauty, his gallant ways, his high spirits, excused those little extravagances—even those dissipations—which his friends believed he would outgrow all in good time.

His uncle Garner had another pet—not so dear to his heart and his pride as the young man, but well-loved and cared for nevertheless. Honoria

to his heart and his pride as the young man, but well-loved and cared for nevertheless. Honoria Appleton was a superb girl, beautiful and haughty as if of imperial blood, with the same dark, glowing style of beauty which distin-

uncle's house and was his ward. At seventeen she had the composure and the stateliness of a woman of twenty; while the regal lily on its look of distress deepened over a young face.

uncle's house and was his ward. At seventeen she had the composure and the stateliness of a woman of twenty; while the regal lily on its swaying stem was not more graceful.

Naturally enough, the elder Garner thought that a marriage of the two consins would be the nicest thing in the world; for thus, without robbing Honoria, he could leave all his vast fortune to his favorite—his boy; indulging both his affection for Otis and his pride in the great estate, which could thus be kept intact.

Quite as naturally Honoria did not intend to fall in love with her cousin. The mere fact that their guardian looked forward to such a thing set her against it. Her cousin, to her, was her cousin—and nothing more.

There had been times when he had felt himself wildly infatuated with her; but these times, so far, had been followed by periods of resentment and coldness, during which he took the opportunity of falling in love with countless other girls, worthy and unworthy.

Thus affairs stood on that bright October morning when Otis roused himself from his deep slumbers to realize that his head was aching from too much champagne, and that he had made a "confounded fool of himself" the previous night. The thought of his wager filled him with horror; but he was not the one to back out from any pledge given to his companions:—

if it had been to drown himself in the Charles

gone!"

Her tone was one of perfect despair. The lear thought on its stateliness deepened over her young gather was the verdict of the three young gentlemen who sauntered by at this crisk.

"Allow me to aid you in searching for it," was do tis.

"Allow me to aid you in searching for it," was do tis.

"Allow me to aid you in searching for it," was do tis.

"Allow me to aid you in the took the visual otis.

"Allow me to aid you in the their said otis.

"Allow me to aid you in the cousin, the trips crisk.

"Allow me to aid you in the cousin of all this crisk.

"Allow me to aid you.

"Allow no to aid otis.

"Allow me to aid you.

"Allow no to aid otis.

"Allow no t out from any pledge given to his companions:— if it had been to drown himself in the Charles river, he would deliberately have drowned him-

He was glad to reflect that it was ten o'clock and that his uncle had probably left the house. He was not only dismayed about the wager, but ashamed of the late hours he had kept. As yet, it was seldom that Otis, though gay, idle, and inclined to dissipation, actually went beyond the prescribed bounds.

Ringing the bell for Stickler, his uncle's valet, he ordered a glass of soda-water, and his breakfast to be brought to his room.

"My uncle has gone out?" he said, inquiringly, as he sat down in his dressing-gown to the epicurean breakfast deftly arranged on a small table by the valet.

epicurean breakhast uterry arrange table by the valet.

"No, Mr. Otis, he is in the library, if you please. And he told me, would I tell you he was waiting to see you, as soon as convenient,

olease."

This news quite spoiled the young gentleman's appetite, which had been poor enough at first; he knew only too well that he was to have a lecture from his kind old relative on his late nours; so, hastily drinking a cup of strong coffee to tone up his nerves, he proceeded to make a careful toilet, mindful, in the midst of his trou-

ble, of the wager he was to fulfill at noon.

"How the dickens, Stickler, did my uncle find out that I was not at Miss Agnew's reception last night?" he asked, as the man was helping him with his things.

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Ous, I'm sorry to say it, an' I 'one you'll everse me, but them young gentle-

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Otis, I'm sorry to say it, an' I'ope you'll excuse me, but them young gentlemen as 'elped you 'ome, sir, they rung the bell that long and that loud as I couldn't stop 'em, though I opened the door at the first sound—being on the watch like to let you in quiet, Mr. Otis—and they yelled up the staircase that foolish, your uncle ran out, thinking somethink dreadful was up, an' they made a chair of their four 'ands an' carried you up an' stood you against the wall, an' made a redeklous bow to my master, an' says: 'We've brought him 'ome all right. Don't let him fall over, or he'll break.' An' one of 'em fell himself, going down, and the whole 'ouse aroused by the row. Indeed, I tried for to prewent it, Mr. Otis. It's a burning shame your uncle should be allowed to know—but them gentlemen was too imprudent for anythink. I 'ope you don't think it my fault, sir."

"No, indeed, Stickler; it certainly was not your fault. I shall remember your faithfulness when I have worn this coat once or twice more," and Otis tried to laugh; but the crimson flush of shame rushed over his olive cheek, to know that his foolish excesses of the previous evening had been thus rudely betrayed to the refined and sensitive old man who loved him so, and whose heart must ache at his nephew's folly.

"It is the last time that I ever touch champagne," he said to himself, as he went slowly down the stairs up which he had been carried in such disgraceful plight.

It was with blushing brow and downcast eyes that he stood before the grave old gentleman in the library; for Otis, though spoiled by indulgence, was neither heartless nor hardened. Love for the culprit softened the uncle's indignation; 'No, indeed, Stickler; it certainly was not

for the culprit softened the uncle's indignation; but he managed to deliver a pretty serious lec-ture, and to exact from the erring one a solemn omise of reform, which was meant, at the

me, to be kept. Otis Garner was in no enviable frame of mind Otis Garner was in no enviable frame of mind when, at a quarter past eleven, he was dismissed from the library. He saw how wild, reckless and ruinous were such frolics as that just over; he earnestly resolved never to go so far in another, but to limit himself to sensible pleasures; but all these regrets and resolutions did not absolve him from the consequences of the one just indulged in. He never, for a moment, admitted to himself the possibility of evading the wager. Should he do so he knew that he would become an object of ridicule to his associates at the Club. No! mad as he had been to enter into such a compact, once being made.

would become an object of ridicule to his associates at the Club. No! mad as he had been to enter into such a compact, once being made, he would keep it, "if it killed him." His uncle's just anger, Honoria's contempt and his own life-long misery, were as nothing weighed against his word, given to his comrades. It is true that he might crawl out through the loop-hole of a drunken man's word being worthless; but Otis' pride was strong and flery—he was a gentleman, drunk on champagne, and he must abide the consequences of his own imprudence.

He walked quickly out of the stately and splendid old mansion which faced on the Common—just bowing to Honoria, who was passing I through the hall with her fair, patrician hands full of roses and violets which she had gathered from the conservatory, and who never had looked lovelier than now, in her long, white, sweeping morning-dress, a cluster of scarlet fuschias in her dark hair and the freshness and brightness of morning on velvet cheeks and sparkling eyes—and in a few moments had reached the steps of the hotel, where, as he expected, he found his three friends awaiting him. These had forced a reckless gayety by renewing their appeals to the treacherous friendship of the wine; they fwelcomed the victim with a satirical rapture, which goaded him into a still firmer resolve to fulfill his part of the compact.

In the midst of their mock congratulations the bells of the city began to toll twelve.

Otis was conscious that he turned pale.

His firiends saw it, too, and irritated him by their heartless laughter.

White and frowning, with his dark eyes turning and his lips compressed, he began the fatal promenade.

His three comrades followed, a few paces in the rear to see "fair play" at them and

fatal promenade.

His three comrades followed, a few paces in the rear, to see "fair play," as they expressed

Otis Garner, as he walked slowly and grace-Otis Garner, as he walked slowly and gracefully through the crowd, was a man to make even those of his own sex look after him. Young, beautiful, faultless in dress and carriage, the rose-bud and pansy in his button-hole just giving the finishing touch of living, breathing romance to youth and grace, he walked deliberately on, scanning the faces of all he met. Of course, at that hour, on that street, he could not walk far without meeting women in plenty. Still, it so chanced, that he had proceeded some distance before he met one of the other sex whom he judged to be under twenty. Suddenly he stopped in his leisurely walk. His three friends passed him slowly, so as not to attract too much attention by their and his maneuvers.

maneuvers.

A young girl, coming from the opposite direction, had also stopped on the pavement the instant Otis did. She looked about her as if she ind lost something.

"Mademoiselle," said Otis, respectfully, "is there anything wrong? Can I be of any assistance?"

The large, lovely, innocent eyes filled with

cheeks.
Otis looked very earnestly at her. Her dress was old-fashioned and poor; but it was of dark material and fitted her slender figure so well that not one man in a thousand would have noticed its plainness; for the figure itself was noticed its plainness; for the figure itself was that of a fairy and gave grace to the garment. Sweet little hands. Dear little feet—in shabby shoes. From under a straw hat fell a cascade of glittering, rippling hair that glimmered like water made golden in the sunlight. This lovely hair framed a small, sweet face, very pure and childlike in its expression; yet with a wistful earnestness very winning. Her complexion was like that of snow-drops and pinks. It was pitiable to see the heavy tears hang on those long curved eyelashes.

able to see the heavy tears hang on those long curved eyelashes.

"Thank the Fates, it is no worse," muttered Otis between his clenched teeth. "It may ruin me; but, at least, I can do something toward making this child happy."

At this moment his friends re-passed him,

niling mockingly. He glared at them like a

smiling mockingly. He glared at them like a savage.

"They had better remember this girl is to be my wife!" he thought; "I will horsewhip Philips for that insolent look."

"Will you accept fifteen dollars from me?" he asked her, pulling out his pocket-book.

"Oh, no, sir, I could not do that!"

"What is your name?"

"Mildred Lovelace."

"Well, then, Mildred, since you will not take the money, will you take me?"

She opened her blue eyes wide.

"I will tell you the whole truth, Mildred. I promised those three young gentlemen who just passed that I would ask the first girl I met, after leaving the Tremont House, to marry me. It was foolish, for I might have met an ugly girl, or a bad one. You are pretty and good. So I consider myself very fortunate. I will tell you who I am. I am Otis Garner, nephew of C. W. Garner, the rich, retired merchant. Now, I seriously ask you to marry me. Will you, or will you not, be my little wife, this very day?"

CHAPTER III.

SOME OF THE CONSEQUENCES. IF little Mildred had been less of a child her answer would have been different. She looked up at this splendid fairy prince who had offered himself to her. The world—which, a moment ago, when she was bewailing her lost purse, looked so dark and cold and hungry to her—now glittered with jewels and breathed of roses, and shone as full of magic wonders as the mysterious Christmas-tree to the imagination of a child. Oh, could it be true? To have this beautiful, perfect creature, to love and pet her—to be the wife of such an angel—to be rich, and tiful, perfect creature, to love and pet her—to be the wife of such an angel—to be rich, and wear diamonds and have silken robes, and never give those tiresome music lessons? The thought took away her breath. The blue eyes began to shine and expand, the rosy little mouth to curl into a soft, shy smile. She looked up into Otis Garner's grave eyes trustfully:

"If you are in real earnest, I will be your wife, gladly, sir," she answered him, blushing and smiling.

and smiling.
"To-day?"
"That must be for you to say, Mr. Garner.

You will come home with me and ask my provem mother, will you not?" "I must have her consent in order to get the license, I suppose," he replied; and then the haughty scion of one of Boston's proudest families, offered his arm to the little creature in the delaine dress and black straw hat, and led her,

with an air of triumph, past the grinning trio who had come to a stand not far away.

"Meet me at the Church of the Ascension at five this afternoon," he said, gayly, looking back as he marched by them, with little Mildred clinicipat to his away.

as he marched by them, with little Mildred clinging to his arm.

"It's a dooced good joke," murmured one of the three, when Garner was out of hearing.

"The best—the very best—joke I ever heard of. By Jove, but Garner has grit! He will marry her, as sure as you live! The old man will cut him out of his inheritance, and there will be the mischief to pay all around. It all comes of Otis' dooced stubbornness. I thought nothing but that he would back down. Well, boys, we must see the play out. Five o'clock! By all that's jolly it's a killing joke. Will be on hand, of course?"

"Of course. And all I can say is that I hope he will not murder her after he's married her. He's got a devil of a temper, if it once gets up. He'll marry her, rather than back out of a bad scrape; but what he'll do afterward remains to be seen. I would not care to be in her shoes."

"I've a mind to co after him and tell him we

"Tve a mind to go after him and tell him we release him from the bond," added the third; but such a course was approved too late. Garner had disappeared in the crowd, nor did they succeed in seeing him again before five o'clock, although, growing remorseful, they called at his residence twice in the course of the afternoon.

At the appointed hour these frolic-loving friends entered the designated church, with perhaps a dozen others, to show they had confided the story of the "fun" that was going on. The altar was decorated with flowers, the or-The altar was decorated with flowers, the organist was playing Wagner's Bridal March, and just after they were seated, there floated up the aisle on the arm of handsome and haughty Otis Garner, a fairy figure, clad in clouds of snowy satin and lace, her exquisite face blooming in the soft shadow of the wedding vail like some delicate flower over which has been woven, while it dreamed a dewy flym.

while it dreamed, a dewy film.

There was no mark of "the lower classes" on this dainty bride to horrify the fashionable snobs who looked on, half in mockery, half in dismay. She was fresh and lovely and delicate in looks—but whether she could ever be a fit mate to the man who stood by her side was another question.

other question.

The wildest of them grew grave as the solemn

The wildest of them grew grave as the solemn words of the marriage c-remony were spoken; the three friends, especially, felt the sting of regret, realizing keenly the folly of their ways, and perhaps mentally resolving that they never again would have a hand in such a scrape.

But the deed was done!

Otis Garner had kept his tipsy pledge, and was walking out of the church with the air of a king, but pale as death; vouchsafing no glance at his club companions, but proudly supporting the blanched and trembling young creature who clung to his arm, and whom he had taken, before God and max, as his wife.

The bride's mother, a plainly-dressed woman, evidently very much of an invalid, and who had a sad, gentle countenance, walked meekly behind. On reaching the pavement the three entered a carriage in waiting and were driven rapidly away.

In less than an hour thereafter Otis entered his uncle's house, and sat down to the sumptuous six o'clock dimer as if nothing had covered.

his uncle's house, and sat down to the sumptuous six o'clock dinner as if nothing had occurred.

guished her cousin Otis. She, too, lived in her uncle's house and was his ward. At seventeen she had the composure and the stateliness of a woman of twenty; while the regal lily on its woman of twenty; while the regal lily on its woman of twenty; while the regal lily on its woman of twenty; while the regal lily on its word. The look of distress deepened over her young face. buke was felt so sincerely; it touched him to see the young man grave and distrait; and out of the kindness of his indulgent affection, he made n effort to rally him out of his unwonted seri-

"You must escort Honoria to the opera to-ght, Otls. It is a gala-night, I believe—Nilsson Marguerite. You have no other engagements, presume?"
"None, uncle Garner. I will take Honoria if

she cares to go."
"I do care to go." said Honoria. "I adore
Nilsson in Marguerite," with the enthusiasm of

seventeen.

Otis looked over at his cousin earnestly.

Oh, how beautiful she was! He had been madly in love with her many times; but never—never so infatuated as at this moment! The —never so infatuated as at this moment! The contrast between this royal beauty and that of the uncultivated little creature to whom he had said good-by for the day, a little while ago—leaving her, with a cold kiss, weeping in her mother's arms—enhanced every charm of the former. He thought of the sweet, silly, ignorant little thing with mingled pity and—disgust. Her fawn-like manners, her unconventional ways, her simple loveliness, were hateful to him in contrast with Honoria's superb style.

To make matters worse, Honoria was in one of her coquettish moods. She glauced from under her dark lashes at Otis with a smile which fired his soul.

der her dark lashes at Otis with a smile which fired his soul.

The maddening thought rushed through his brain that perhaps, after all, his cousin, who had taken delight in showing her indifference, had begun to care for him. Now that he had put it out of his power to ever again make love to her, it seemed to him there was nothing in the world worth doing but that.

Honoria was still in the mood to please her

Honoria was still in the mood to please her cousin when she came down, dressed for the opera. She had made herself as beautiful as an exquisite toilet and sparkling spirits could make her. There was a soft glow on her velvet cheeks and in her dark eyes. Her manner was gay and

ret tender.

What man can resist the spell of this combina-

Otis felt his heart melt under her lightest Jance or word.

He did not take an inventory of what she wore—Honoria had the great art to make anything she wore seem a part of her. Her taste was infallible. He only knew that he was proud

of his fair companion—of her elegant dress and her splendid beauty.

Strange thoughts and dreams coursed through his brain as they sat in their box at the opera

his brain as they sat in their box at the opera that evening.

The thrilling, passionate voice of the ill-fated Marguerite stirred the inmost depths of his being. It seemed to him that she was Mildred, and that he was the Faust who had broken her heart; but that he would still—though lashed and driven by all the devils of remorse and despair—still thrust her aside and laugh at her madness, for the sake of winning the love of the glorious girl by his side, the light touch of whose perfumed glove hastened his pulses and the soft fire of whose lustrous eyes burned down to his ire of whose lustrous eyes burned down to his

heart's core.

Once, during the scene in the prison cell, two tears dropped from Honoria's diamond eyes, and fell glittering on the lace and pearl of her fan. Instantly Otis caught the fan and kissed the briny drops. Honoria smiled and lightly blushed—she had never before given him such encouragement. For a moment Otis was in raptures; from these he sunk into dull despair, remembering what had occurred that eventful day.

Honoria Appleton was no flirt; she was incapable of anything so degrading as an actual flirtation.

she was acting, to-night, from a high and holy purpose. She had been grieved and alarmed at the condition in which her cousin had come home the previous night. It was true that such home the previous night. It was true that such "sprees" as this were of rare—very rare—occurrence; but, she argued justly, they should never occur at all. She knew the good and manly qualities of her cousin; she feared the influence of too-gay associates, and she had formed a resolution, that day, to treat him with such kindness and consideration as would give her the power, some time, to persuade him to swear off from his fashionable club and its excesses. Whether she should go further than that—encourage his liking for her—she had not decided. Certainly, the very interest she took in his im-

cuse; the next he would bewilder her with a display of extravagant gayety.

One evening they were alone together in the
music-room. Several visitors had been in and
gone away. Uncle Garner had retired to his
room; it was late. Honoria had been playing
and singing for Otis for the last half-hour. With
his elbows leaning on the plano and his strange,
flery, somber eyes fixed on her face, he had listened until she grew weary and ceased. The
house was so still that the ticking of the quaint,
old clock on the staircase echoed down into the

Honoria looked up, half-uneasily, at her comanion. They were such good friends, and mew each other so well, dwelling as they did inder the same roof, that she was puzzled by

under the same roof, that she was puzzled by the new expression of his face. He approached a step nearer to her, took her hands and drew her to her feet, still holding her hands in a grasp so flerce that it hurt her.

"Honoria, could you love a man well enough to forgive him for doing a dastardly deed?—well enough to love him still, despite of his succumbing to a terrible temptation?"

"I don't know. What are you talking about?" she answered him, startled, and partially shrinking from him.

"Some time—soon—you will hear a strange

ing from him.

"Some time—soon—you will hear a strange story about me, Then I shall come to you and ask you what to do. It shall depend on you whether I go hang myself, or whether there may still be something in life for me to look forward to. Honoria, whatever happens, remember I love you—never loved, and never will love

ber, I love you-never loved, and never will love any woman but yourself."
Before she could answer him he flung her

hands away, and walked out of the room. She heard his listless step slowly ascending the stairs. She was frightened. What terrible thing could her cousin have been guilty of? She lay long awake that night, wondering and

She lay long awake that night, wondering and fearing.

The next day, like a bomb-shell, into that aristocratic house fell the news of the nephew's ill-assorted marriage. The whole city had been ringing with the story for days, but no one had ventured to speak of it to the haughty old gentleman. At last, a version of the affair got into the papers, and this falling under the eye of Mr. Garner at his reading-room brought him home rather suddenly.

ome rather suddenly.

Honoria and Otis were together in the back rawing-room. He was holding the skein of drawing room. He was holding the skein of silk which she was winding.

Their uncle swept into the room like a winterstorm, and thrust the paper with the marked paragraph before the eyes of the guilty young

"What foundation is there for this story, sir?"
Otis glanced it over; his face paled, but he raised his eyes bravely to the countenance, black with wrath and quivering with pain, which frowned down upon him.
"It is almost entirely true, uncle."
"True!"

"The night I came home in that disgraceful

The marriage was legally performed?"
Yes, uncle—at the Church of the Ascen-

'She is poor?'
'A music-teacher, she told me.'
'And vulgar?"
'Not very." Leave my house, sir, and never enter it

again!"
"Yes, uncle."
"You are disinherited—mark that! I here register a solemn oath that I will not leave you so much as one dollar. My will shall be rewritten to-morrow. My niece shall take your place in my heart, and as my heiress."
"All right. God bless you, uncle. I'm sorry my folly has grieved you and wounded the Garner pride. Good-by, Honoria."
Otis shook hands with his cousin—who was white and shivering, and whose tearful eyes met his with a look that maddened him—turned and went out. and went out.

(To be continued.)

TO ---

BY M. JOS. ADAMS.

False one, were I aware ere thou didst prove
Thy fickleness, that in thy bosom lay,
A heart unfeeling, I would not essay
To tender thee a true, unselfish love;
And since thou hast rejected it, I deem
Thou art a vain coquette! that misery
Would be my portion were I linked to thee;
Which, in the past had been a joyous dream
Yet will thy image in my wounded heart
Remain; though it may many sorrows give,
Reflecting former joys; but I will strive
To bear the pangs. Thus, ingrate, will I thwart
Thy purpose, and in time my heart will heal
Its wounds, and germ of truer love reveal.

Winning Ways:

KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XX

THE BETRAYED ONE. As when a soul laments, which hath been blest, Desiring what is mingled with past years, In yearnings that can never be expressed By sighs, or groans, or tears;

Because all words, though culled with choices art,
Failing to give the bitter and the sweet,
Fither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat."

—TENNY

Faints, faded by its heat."—TENNYSON.

KITTY was looking for something which was not to be had, save at the expense of such trifles as honor, virtue, peace and happiness. Mind, I do not for a moment say that she had one deliberate thought of wrong in her foolish little nead. She did not intend to be wicked—she hid not mean to single her wings; she only fluf-

head. She did not intend to be wicked—she did not mean to singe her wings; she only fluttered around the flame, foolish moth that she was, and admired its beauty, pined after its warmth—that was all.

She had no business to think of, or to wish for, any love except her husband's. I know that, dear lady, as well as you, and will cheerfully throw the second stone at this erring sister, if you will but lift the first. But she was young, she was lonely, and she was idle; and idleness is the true parent of mischief. Did she love this man who was trying to win her? I do not think so. She tried to persuade herself that she did, for her heart felt as empty as a "last year's nest," and she longed to fill it again—with something—anything—so it was but filled.

But she had once loved her husband with every pulse and fiber of that lonely heart.

However this may be, and however Kitty may really have felt toward her new friend, she certainly wished him to love her. There spoke the pride of the proud, deserted woman, which must be appeased, at whatever cost.

fluence of too-gay associates, and she had formed a resolution, that day, to treat him with such kindness and consideration as would give her the power, some time, to persuade him to swear off from his fashionable club and its excesses. Whether she should go further than that—encourage his liking for her—she had not decided. Certainly, the very interest she took in his improvement made her think of him more tenderly.

So she smiled on him that night; and was sweetness and goodness itself to him the next day, and the next, and the next—knowing no reason why she should not—and happy in the fact that he now remained home of evenings so satisfied with her society that he did not crave the coarser pleasures of the club. Yet his conduct puzzled her. One moment he would be sunk in gloom, for which there seemed no excuse; the next he would bewilder her with a display of extravagant gayety.

One evening they were alone together in the music-room. Several visitors had been in and gone away. Uncle Garner had retired to his land, which must be appeased, at whatever cost.

She paced up and down the lonely library, with folded arms and gloomy brow. She was struggling desperately with the weakness that threatened to enslave her for the second time. Nothing but immediate flight could save her, and yet she lingered, dreading the hour of departure—ah, she well knew why!

Only one month had passed since she met Captain Conyers, and the events that had followed in quick succession might well have preserved her from any return of the old unhappy passion. Yet, day after day, she had been beside him, drinking in the music of his beautiful eyes, or the kindly pressure of his hand. She thought of the future—of the happy future he had sometimes dared to picture when they were alone. Only as the wife of this man could she fulfill it, his wife she never could be. Since, then, it was in vain for her to hope for such happiness, was in vain for her to hope for such happiness, was in vain for her to hope for such happiness, was in vain for he in vain for her to hope for such happiness, was it not wrong and criminal in her to risk her future peace by thus remaining near him?
"Wrong? Yes. I am a weak and cowardly fool!" she exclaimed.

And, pausing before a fine portrait of Captain Conyers, which was lying on her writing-desk, she looked at it long and steadily.

"For the last time!" she thought to herself.

"For the last time!" she thought to herself. "This is my last hour of weakness. Let me tell myself once more that those eyes will never smile on me; those lips never meet mine as I would have them; and then back to my duties. I must forget him, and I will! And yet, George, I doubt if any other woman will ever love you as truly and tenderly as I could do if I might, or if I dared. Oh! why has fate come between us like this! Wealth and fame are nothing to me now. I would gladly resign both so I might be

like this! Wealth and fame are nothing to me now. I would gladly resign both so I might be happy, and with him?"

She sighed heavily, and turned away. A softened splendor trembled in her eye as she passed slowly down the room. She paused upon the threshold, gave one last, lingering look at the portrait that looked so calmly upon her sorrow, and laid her hand upon the latch. It was opened from without; and, as she stood aside to let the intruder pass, La Stella entered.

The beautiful face of the singer was very grave and sad. She had come to make a last appeal to her friend, which she hoped might save her. Words she knew were almost vain in a case like this; but she had that to enforce her words which might impress the most headstrong

a case like this; but she had that to enforce her words which might impress the most headstrong nature—the most hardened heart. Her first glance at Kitty told her that she had found her in a pliable and hopeful mood.

"My dear," she said, gently, "I have taken the liberty of ordering your carriage, and I hope you will not refuse to go out with me."

Kitty shrank back with a look of pain.
"Don't ask that, La Stella. I feel too unhappy—too broken down. I should not care if I never went out of these grounds again till they carried me in my coffin."

"I do not want you to see any of your friends, my dear; but a poor girl whom I have known

my dear; but a poor girl whom I have known for some time is dying, and has sent for me. She can only live a very few hours. Kitty, I want you to see her before she dies."

Kitty was leaving the room, but stopped upon the threshold. Some tone in the speaker's voice struck her strangely.

"Why do you wish me to go?" she asked.

The color mounted to La Stella's face, but she

answered frankly:

"My dear, she is as young, and was once as pretty as you. She was in a great danger, was greatly tempted, and she fell. I thought if you could see her—"

could see her—"

"That I should repent—reform—take care of
myself, and be a good girl!" exclaimed Kitty,
haughtily. "I won't go a step! And yet—yes,
I—II" condition, uncle, while under the influence of champagne, we fellows made a wager, and the one that lost was to marry the first girl he met, the next day, starting from the steps of the

city; through street after street of wretched houses—whose inmates, gaunt, squalid, and hol-low-eyed, gazed after the carriage with a dull and low-eyed, gazed after the carriage with a dull and listless curiosity—they went, until they entered the most disreputable thoroughfare of all, known to its denizens and to all London by the name of the New Cut; and during the drive, La Stella told, in her pretty, foreign idiom, the story of the girl they were going to see; and Kitty listened, taking the haggard men, the degraded women, the squalid children she saw on either side of the street as living commentaries on the warning text.

warning text.

It was a sad—a warning tale; but the name of the betrayer was not mentioned. And the poor girl was dying when they reached her, so that Kitty had no time to ask it.

When all was over, the two friends left the house in silence. Kitty did not speak all through the homeward drive. La Stella was also silent, he had perplexed and puzzled, as if she When all was over, the two friends set the house in silence. Kitty did not speak all through the homeward drive. La Stella was also silent, but she looked perplexed and puzzled, as if she was studying how best to fulfill another and a still more painful duty. Kitty, looking up as they entered the gates of "Gan Eden" once more, caught that peculiar expression. In an instant she flushed crimson, and turned deadly pale.

pale.

"La Stella," she said, faintly, "there is something which you have not told me yet. Poor Janet's case was not quite like mine; she was not married. Why did you take me there, and what was the name of the man whom she first level."

"That is just what I wish to tell you, my dear.
He was younger then than he is now. He might have been thoughtless, as well as cruel; I cannot say. But there is a packet which she asked me to give him after her death. Open it, Kitty, and you will know his name."

Witty took it sprung from the carriage, and

you will know his name."

Kitty took it, sprung from the carriage, and shut herself up in the library. She tore open the parcel with wild and eager haste. A packet of letters, a lock of brown and of golden hair, it is a lock of brown and of golden hair. braided together, and a miniature case, fell upon the table. She opened that case with trembling hands, and then sunk into a chair, with a bitter groan. It was a younger, a fairer face, perhaps; but it was the face of George Conyers!

CHAPTER XXI. REPENTANCE.

"Oh, was a me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met!
Oh, was a me for the time, Willie,
When our first tryst was set!
Oh, was me for the loamin' green,
Where we were won't to gae;
And was a me for the destinie,
That eart me luve these set!"

nd was's me for the description of the fact me luve thee sae!"

—MOTHERWELL WHEN the first shock of the discovery had passed away, and Kitty was herself once more, she took up that fatal portrait, and compared it with the one which Captain Conyers had placed in her hand only one little week before. There could be no doubt remaining. One was also when and greater that the could be no doubt remaining.

slender and graceful boy; the other, a bronzed and bearded man; but the blue eyes laughed, and the full lips smiled the same—the very same in both!

She laid the pictures down, and lifted the remaining contents of the packet from the floor. That soft, golden tress of hair, entwined with the darker curl, to whom could it belong but one! She sickened as she looked at it, remembering how often during that month of hard

the darker curl, to whom could it belong but one? She sickened as she looked at it, remembering how often, during that month of happiness, she had gazed upon such tresses, and longed, yet never dared, to twine them around her fingers, to brush them back from the open brow they shaded. She covered her face with her hands, and a hot blush stole to her very temples at the thought.

"How can I blame this poor, dead girl, even in my secret heart?" she said, sadly to herself. "She was guilty, it is true; but I have been guiltier far. At least, she had the right to love him which I have not. No tie, human or divine, bound her to any one else on earth—and I, a married woman—a woman who loved her husbound her to any one eise on earth—and I, a married woman—a woman who loved her husband once—ay,"—she cried, wildly wringing her hands—"who worshiped him once—I have been trying to teach my heart to watch for this man's footstep—to wait and yearn for his smile! I am fallen in my own esteem, if not of the world's; and this life of outward purity which I lead is a sham, a mockery, a lie!"

world's; and this life of outward purity which I lead is a sham, a mockery, a lie!"

She struck her hand upon the table with a flery scorn and indignant loathing of herself and her own weakness which a colder woman could scarcely have felt. At that moment some one tapped lightly at the door. She knew who it was; and when La Stella, in answer to her summons, entered, she rose, took both her hands, and kissed her warmly.

"You forzive me then" said La Stella with

"You forgive me then," said Ia Stella, with an air of infinite relief. "I could not help doing as I did, even though I feared the act would

as I did, even though I feared the act would quite lose me your friendship."

"Forgive you!"cried Kitty, impulsively. "It is for you to forgive me. For you and all the world! Oh, you don't know what you have saved me from!"

"Perhaps I can guess."

"You see, La Stella, I thought he loved me, and that he would never desert me, as Mr. Oliver did. But if he loved poor Janet, and was going to marry her, and then deserted her—his own cousin, too—what right have I to believe that he would be more constant to me! And if I had gone with him, as he urged me to, if he had deserted me—oh! La Stella—I feel something here"—and she struck her hand upon her heart—"something that tells me I should have been far more wicked than poor Janet, and not so penitent—not so good at the last!"

"Only our good Father above can tell that," said La Stella, gently; "and your thanks are due to Him rather than they are to me for your safety."

Kitty did not answer. She only looked shy

safety."

Kitty did not answer. She only looked shy and uncomfortable, as she always did if any one made any religious allusion in her presence. She had a horror of what she called "preaching;" and knowing this, the singer only dropped this one small seed upon the stony ground, and returned to the subject under discuss on.

"I suppose you will see him no more," she observed. "Shall I take this packet and give it to him?" to him?"
"No; I will give it to him myself."
La Stella shook her head.
"Don't misunderstand me. I don't wish to see him alone. You shall stay in the room all the while; but—but he has been kind to me, and

the while; but—but he has been kind to me, and I must say good-by."
Her voice faltered as she spoke.
"It is unwise," said La Stella; "but I know how very easy it is to give advice in these cases; and how very hard it is to take it. I can see the folly, the imprudence, of such a meeting; but the pain, the soreness at your heart that is craving for, and may be softened and healed by it, I cannot see."

"That is just it," cried poor Kitty, with a sob. "Whatever he may have been to her, he has been good to me, and kind, when every one else seemed cold and hard. If I may only shake hands with him, and part kindly, I shall be contant."

hands with him, and part kindly, I shall be content."

"Very well. I suppose I am a fool for encouraging such a thing, but I cannot quite forget that I was myself young and in love, once upon a time. You shall see him, poor child, and I will stay with you all the time."

Kitty thanked her mutely by putting her arms around her waist, and laying her weary little head upon her shoulder. La Stella smoothed the dark hair from her forehead with a loving touch. At that moment a servant opened the library-door, and, with a visible hesitation in his manner—perhaps at the lateness of the in his manner—perhaps at the lateness of the hour—perhaps because of the gossip of the serv-ants' hall—announced "Captain Conyers!"

CHAPTER XXII.

PARTED. Oh, dinna mind my words, Willie, I downa seek to blame; But, oh, it's hard to live, Willie, And dree a warld's shame!

"I'm weary o' this warld, Willie, And sick wi' a' I see; I cound live as I have lived, Or be as I should be!"

-MOTHERWELL

BOTH ladies started. La Stella glanced anxiously at her friend, but, after the first instant, Kitty was the more composed of the two.

"Show Captain Conyers into the drawing-room," she said, quietly.

The servant disappeared; and a moment after they had entered the room, the captain, looking haggard, anxious, and ill, rushed in. His dress was disordered—his fair hair pushed back from his forehead—his whole appearance that of a was disordered—his fair hair pushed back if his forehead—his whole appearance that of a man made insensible, for the time, by misery, to everything around. He did not even see La Stella as he rushed up to Kitty and caught her

"Oh, I have suffered torments since I left you! Kitty, this cannot be borne! We have gone too far to turn back now, and you must be

Kitty did not speak-she could not. But La Stella, rising and coming forward, said, in her low, sweet voice:

low, sweet voice:

"She does not see the necessity of that mad step, Captain Conyers—nor do I!"

"You here, La Stella?" he said, gnawing his lip, and looking utterly discomfited.

"Yes; by Kitty's own wish and request."

He looked as if he did not, would not, believe that!

'Is it not, Kitty?" she asked, turning toward

her.

"It is," said Kitty, gravely. "And this, Captain Conyers, will tell you why."

As she spoke, she held the miniature toward him. He glanced at it with an air of wildest in-

him. He glanced at it with an air of wildest incredulity and surprise, and retreated still further from her, muttering, confusedly:

"That—Janet's picture—how did you come by that? Good heavens! Don't ask me to take

Kitty laid it down again upon the table. There could be no further concealment between "Captain Conyers!" she said, in the same grave, unimpassioned voice, "your cousin Janet is dead! I was with her at the last. She left

that for you! She forgave you, too. The merest chance in the world led to the discovery of your secret; but I am glad now that it is known. You will not have my guilt, my weakness to answer for at the Last Day, as you must have here." The captain, having somewhat recovered his composure during this speech, began to stammer out some denial or excuse, but Kitty stop-

"Say nothing that is not strictly true, because I know all—all about Louisa Heath, as well as George Conyers. In a few minutes we shall have parted forever! Don't let me think that, at the last moment, you, whom I believed to be so good, so noble, and so truthful, stooped to tell a lie!"

to tell a lie!"

If she had wept—if she had scorned—if she had upbraided him—he might possibly have known how to manage her. But she was so calm, so grave, that he felt abashed and awestricken. He watched her silently as she folded the hair, the letters, and her own and Janet's picture of him, neatly in the parcel once more. He took it from her hand, when she offered it, put it in the breast-pocket of his coat, and still stood gazing at her. Ia Stella, seeing how well the matter was progressing, drew back into her own corner, and held her tongue.

"And this is the end of all!" the captain observed, at last. "After all our close and intimate friendship—I am kicked out of the house like a dog, on account of a boyish folly, which was over years before I ever saw you!"

Kitty's color rose high at his tone and manner.

"You call it a boyish folly only!" she said.

ner.
"You call it a boyish folly only!" she said. "You call it a boyish folly only!" she said.
"I call it more. You broke a heart that loved you! You ruined a life that might have been good and pure! And for all these things God will bring you into judgment, lightly as you look upon them now! For the rest, I can only say that poor Janet's sad fate was a warning to me; but the words you have just uttered are a deeper warning still! I can say good-by more easily now that you have spoken them!"

"Kitty, what do you mean? Do you think I could ever have forgotten—ever have forsaken you?"

you?"
"Most certainly I do." "Most certainly I do."
"Then you wrong me bitterly. I behaved like a villain to poor Janet, I know; but I was a mere boy, and she was not like you. If you had trusted yourself to me, Kitty, my life would have been one long effort to make you."
"I would have been one long effort to make you."

happy."
"Words—words!" said Kitty, dreamily. "I would have proved them true. Nay, I will still do so, if you will allow me," urged the cap-

At that speech La Stella rose and came forward with flashing eyes.

"Some allowance, I suppose, ought to be made for your position and your feelings, Captain Conyers," she said; "but, as Mrs. Oliver's friend, I must tell you, that if you dare to repeat that offer, or to insult her in any way again, I will ring the bell, and have you turned out of the house by the servants five minutes afterward."

'And if she does not, I will!" said Kitty, ning her chin upon her hand and looking

If she had struck him he could scarcely have looked more astonished. He muttered something indistinctly, and turned to go.
"Stop a moment, Captain Conyers," said Kitty. "I shall never see you again."
"Never, Kitty—never! I swear that, if you

send me from you now, I will join my regiment to-morrow, and bid you and Old England a last

farewell together."

A little, shivering sigh fluttered from Kitty's lips; but she gave no other sign of weakness.

"Well, it is better so; and I hope you may live to be a good and happy man, as well as a brave soldier."

"You would make me both."

"We will not talk more of that; but for the

"You would make me both."
"We will not talk more of that; but, for the sake of old times, the old friendship, I will say, 'God speed!' and we will part kindly. If you ever think of me in India forget all this folly, and remember me only as a friend, whose best wishes follow you wherever you may go."
"Kitter"

It was dreadful to see him, as he caught her hand and kissed it, with choking sobs and burning tears. Whatever his fault might have been, it was evident that he loved her more than life itself. She turned pale as she saw him weep—she wavered, and all might have been lost, but for La Stella's propert interference.

for La Stella's prompt interference.

"True love is the most unselfish thing on earth," she said to the young soldier. "I feel for you with all my heart; but, if she is really dear to you, you will leave her now."
"Dear to me? La Stella, she is life itself! And must I leave her? Leave her to a mar who cares nothing for her—who—oh, Kitty! tell
me, am I to go or not?"

"Go, George"

Brave words, that fell like drops of blood from her wrung and tortured heart! They made him love her better, even while they spoke his

doom.
"I will! God bless you, Kitty!—God keep you good! Oh, it is the last time. Let me kiss your forehead. It is the last time we shall meet, unless we meet in heaven."

Half fainting in La Stella's arms, Kitty felt a cold hand grasp her own—felt the touch of cold lips upon her brow—then a door closed, and all was silent, and a dark, empty void of loneliness seemed to encompass her upon every

"Oh, he has gone!" she moaned, as she hid her face upon La Stella's friendly breast. "Why did you make me drive him away?"

Did she repent already? Never mind. La-Did she report already? Never mind. Lavater tells us that a good deed, done at any moment, is a good deed done for all eternity; and He who faltered in the Garden of Gethsemane before His dreadful task, will surely pardon us if the frail flesh shrinks back in dismay, and repinesat the rough path over which the stronger and more faithful spirit is leading it.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 359.)

Silver Sam;

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA. CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SCHEME. 'Is is possible?" exclaimed Montana, in won-

As true as that the Cheyenne runs into the issouri," replied the Indian.

And your name is not Red Oak, then?" "No; I deceived you when we met on the

plains of Laramie. Both speakers were using the Indian language, which, as we have before mentioned, Montana spoke fluently.

"Well, chief, I am a prisoner here in your hands; what are you going to do with me?"
"Save you from death," replied the Indian,

'Indeed! How?" 'The Black Hills belong to the Sioux na-

"Yes." "The white man has trampled the feedinggrounds of our game under foot, polluted the clear water of our rivers, and the smoke of their lodges offends the eyes of the red-men." True; I can understand that."

"The chiefs of the Sioux nation have not sold the Black Hills to the Great Father Washington—will not sell the Black Hills though the white man should cover them with blankets and pile their gold and silver money upon them until the heaps would cover the horns of the wild elk!" exclaimed the Indian, in an outburst of passion.

'So I have heard. "And your ears heard true. Are the red chiefs dogs that they should squeal and fly be cause the white man, who burrows in the earth like a blind rat, wants the land?"

"I have understood that your chiefs refuse to sign the treaty.

Sign the treaty which sweeps away the Black Hills from the Sioux nation!" cried the "Yes, we will sign it with the Indian, loftily. scalping-knife and seal it with the leaden bullet, red with white men's blood."

But, if I understand the matter rightly, some of the chiefs are willing to agree to the sale," Montana observed.

"Yes, it is true; some are willing to sell dogs that they are! they would sell their souls for a drink of the white fire-water of the trader; but the real chiefs of the nation will not sell, and the Great Father at Washington must drive the white miners from the Black Hills.

Montana shook his head. "He will not do it?" cried the Indian, fi rcely.

'He cannot do it, chief; the miners have flocked in in such numbers that it would take a big army to dislodge them, and the country the white men's country-would never sanc "Are treaties nothing—nothing but tricks to cheat—to fool away the red-man's land?"

They claim that the treaty has expired." "Perhaps it has," replied the Indian, slow ly; "they say one thing and write another They make fair promises, break them, and then complain when we fly to war." "But, chief, excuse my interrupting you

one thing I cannot understand.

"Why, when we hunted together on the plains of Laramie you called yourself Red Oak and said that you were a member of the Brule Sioux!

"My white brother then has a good mem-"Yes." "He remembers the time when one blanket

covered two—when a red chief came to the lodge of the white hunter, cold and hungry, and was warmed and fed?" 'Yes, it is not so long ago that I should for

Sitting Bull will not forget it, either."

"And yet I am a prisoner in your vil-'My brother is wise; old head, young shoul

ders; suppose S tting Bull had sent a message to the white lodges that he wished to see his friend; would the white man have dared to have trusted himself in the hands of the warriors who thirst for the blood of the pale-faces as the hungry wolf thirsts for the blood of the halting buffalo?"

Montana shook his head.

"My brother would not have come." No: not at a message from Sitting Bull. but if Red Oak had sent for me I should have

"Moons have come and gone," replied the chief; "how did the red warrior know that the memory of his brother was not like the sands of the river, to be washed clean at every

"But you have not explained to me why you deceived me in regard to your name when we first met.

Sitting Bull had fought the blue-coated chiefs to the north on the Yellowstone-had taken many scalps and then had been deserted by his tribe because he had made war and for what was rightly his. The dogs crawled before the feet of the white chiefs and promised to deliver their brother into the ands of his enemies that he might be hanged by a rope like a brute. Then Sitting Bull anged his name and fled to the south. Faint and weary, sore-footed, in the snow, he came to the lone lodge and found shel-

"Ah! I understand now; and after the trouble blew over you rejoined your tribe

'No: Sitting Bull never went back to bis tribe,' replied the chief, an accent of sadness in his voice. "Never more would be dwell in the same village with the false hearts who would rather crouch like dogs before the whites than strike them in the face with a warrior's hand, as a true brave should do. He pitched his lodge alone and then some few braves joined him; outcasts lik-himself from their tribes. Little by little the band grew, until at last no chief in all the nation could boast a better following. Eternal war to the whites was the watchword; no peace, treaty or no treaty! Not a red chief from the iron wagon-way to the great North woods but knows that when he seeks a war-trail it has to be found by joining Sitting Bull. In the winter my young men are good Indians; they go Reservation and draw their supplies, half-blankets where the treaty calls for whole ones, rotten meat, flour not fit to cook, beefcattle so poor that they cannot stand upon their feet-all his, everything; but they get powder and ball, new guns and knives, and when the spring comes they sneak off on their ponies, join me and then we take the war-trail. were not for the 'good Indians' being fed in | throat, evidently for the purpose of a disguise,

have difficulty in getting feed for our ponies, we 'wild Indians' could not hold out as we

No fiction, reader, this speech of the wily Sioux, but sober, actual truth. The Government feeds the "bucks ' in winter and in the spring, the moment the grass grows up enough to afford subsistence for their ponies, away they go on the war-trail against the hapless emi-grant or the scantily-defended frontier post. "And if the Government will not remove

the white miners from the Black Hills, what "Then the rifle and scalping-knife must do

their work!" replied the chief, fiercely. Montana laughed, much to the astonishment of the red-skin, who looked inquiringly at him, as if to learn the reason of the untimely

"Chief, did you ever see a buffalo bull butt | Why! that man is chockfull of fun—b'iling his head against a rock? The Indian shook his head.

"Well, chief, you and your braves are the buffalo bull and his white men the rock; there are miners enough now in the Black Hills to fight all the Indians west of the big Missouri.' The chief looked incredulous.

You'll find it is the truth.' My brother told me that he was alone in the world and that his white kin had not used him well; the red chief thought that perhaps he would become a red-man and join the war

And that is why you took all this trouble to bring me here?"

"It is useless, chief; you will fail in your undertaking. You cannot drive the miners from the Black Hills." "Sitting Bull can die!" answered the Indian.

Yes, but why not live, chief?" "Of what use is it to live as the white man's slave?" the savage asked. "Sitting Bull must die some time; better die on the

war-path than in hoeing corn. And this is the reasoning of the wild son of the far western prairies, always

Better death, rifle in hand, than life with As surely as the sun sinks in the west so surely must the red-man's race be run out as a

Vainly Montana endeavored to convince the chief that his attempt was hopeless; the chief would not be convinced.

Montana partook of the morning meal and then was escorted safely back to the upper end of the West Gulch It seemed almost like a dream.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BULL-WHACKER MAKES A BET. JUST on the outskirts of Deadwood city a little, whitewashed shanty displayed a rudely painted sign, bearing the inscription, "Johny's Sheha Search all Deadwood over and a more dis-

reputable saloon you could not find. Johnny, the keeper of the place—Johnny Brown as he called himself, though the chances were ten to one that he had borne a dozen different names—was a tall, thick-set, brutal-looking fellow, with every mark of the

jail-bird written plainly on his face. As we have said, no worse place in all the town than Johnny's Shebang, haunted as it was by a gang of broken-down miners, slaves to drink, petty gamblers, always ready to plunder an unwary stranger, and reckless whether they obtained their spoil by cheating the vic-tim at cards, or by knocking him in the head

in some dark spot, and vagabonds of every Not a night in the week without a drunken

brawl either in or around the saloon Many a time the decent men of the town had calmly discussed the advisability of clearing out "-to use the terse, expre westernism—both Johnny's Shebang and Johnny's gang, but, as often happens in such cases, the movement had consisted of all words and

And Johnny, too, presented a bold front and had loudly boasted that he'd make it hot for those that tried to interfere with his business and as he and his gang were popularly supposed to be armed to the teeth. and to hold their lives as lightly as they did their oaths, the quiet, peaceable miners rather shrank

from a contest with the desperadoes. In this life ten brawling, bullying men often rule a hundred.

It was on the very night, in the early part of which the proposal of the Honorable Mortimer Campbell to buy the Little Montana mine had been known to Montana-to give Mr. William Jones his common title—that for the first time we bring the vilest haunt of Deadwood city into our tale. At the hour of nine, the aloon was well filled by a motley gang engaged in smoking, drinking, card-playing, and sundry other games of chance.

Standing in the center of a group by the bar of the saloon was the bull-whacker-on the plains the driver of a mule team is commonly termed a bull-whacker-who had so proudl challenged quiet Montana to a trial of strength and had been so easily discomfited by the

The Boss Bull-whacker of Shian, as he chiefly delighted to term himself, had soon got on familiar terms with the rough crowd who frequented the saloon, and was engaged in relating sundry wonderful adventures by flood and field to the listening and astonished crowd, each man of which mentally pronounced the "Pet of the Niobrara," Jin Bludsoe, to be about the biggest liar that had ever encountered the mud of Deadwood.

In the midst of a tall yarn about a skirmish with the Sioux down on the Laramie trail, where, according to his own account, he, single handed, had slain a dozen warriors and run wenty more up into the mountains, complete ly panic-stricken and demoralized, a man stuci his head in at the door, took a glance around

the room, and then disappeare l All through his talking and drinking the giant had kept one eye upon the door, and after the appearance of the head, he suddenly concluded his discourse and bade the crowd take care" of themselves for a while as he

was "gwine down the street. Then the bull-whacker retreated from the

saloon and emerged into the air. "Ef you're the man I think you air, whar air ve?' he exclaimed, as he stood before the door and looked up and down the street

"Here," responded a deep voice, and the bull-whacker, guided by the sound, looked toward the upper corner of the shanty, where t e shadows seemed darkest, and there beheld the figure of a man.

With his ponderous stride Mr. Bludsoe advanced to the stranger. "Well, durn my cats! ef I seed you!' he ex-

The man concealed in the shadow was about the medium hight, wrapped up in a long, loose overcoat, the collar turned up around his the winter when the snow lies deep and we for the night was not cold; on his head he

wore the wide-brimmed felt hat, so common to the westerner, and this was pulled low down ver his forehead, so that in the semi-darkness his features were pretty well concealed. From underneath the hat came stray locks of hair seemingly tinged with gray.

'A nice mess you made of it!" the man exclaimed, abruptly, and evidently annoyed, as

the giant came up to him. "Say! what did you want to tell me that thar warn't no fun in that man?" Mr. Bludsoe cried, indignantly, and yet with a patheti tone plainly apparent in his voice. he's as full of fun as an egg is of meat! Did you see him pick me up an' sweep the ground with me? Durn my ole mule's tail! ef I ever got more fun for my money since I were born. Chaw my cat's ear off! ef I didn't think the cuss had broken every bone in my body

"Yes, I saw the whole affair, and he handled you as if you had been a child instead of a man nearly twice his size and weight," the stranger responded, tartly.

"Well, he did salivate me fur all I was worth," the bull-whacker admitted. "But who in thunder would have believed that he had it in him? Blame me ef I know now how he did it. I went for him, intending jes' to pick him up under the arms an' give him a squeeze that would jes' lam the life right out of him, but 'stead of that he picked me up, twisted my head under his arm, gi'n me a grip that nearly broke my neck, and then tossed my heels up in the air, an' threw me around jes' as careless as if I wasn't worth nuthin nohow, then slammed me down on the flat of my back jes' as ef he was tryin' to make a pile-driver out of me. Fun! that Montana is full of it. Durn my hind-wagon wheels! ef I ever see'd sich a quiet feller turn out so lively

since the day I was hatched!" "You let him catch you at a disadvantage. and he tried a wrestler's trick on you!" th stranger exclaimed, evidently in a state of ex-

"Is that so, pilgrim?" cried Mr. Bludsoe, in a tone of wonder. "Well, I knew that he got me foul some way, and now that you have explained it, I feel better. He's a wrastler, eh! Well, I reckon he is! He's jes' chockfull of wrastle an' spilt a leetle of it on me. Say, pilgrim! I see'd more stars when my head made a hole in the dirt arter he fooled with me than I did the time my ole lead mule kicked me, an' then I diskivered planets 'nuff fur four or five sech worlds as this hyer.

"If you had smashed him once with your fist it would have finished him," the tempter

suggested. 'Jes' so! I reckon I ought to have done that air, but skin me fur a wagon-kiver, ef I wasn't kinder ashamed to quarrel with a chap that talked so mighty nice an' peaceable," the giant protested. "Ef he had abused me now, called me names, sed that I was a beat, or that I couldn't drive a mule, or that I couldn't drink, or some other sich insult, sich as no gen'leman ought to stant, why then I would have gobbled him for my weat right away I'm allers ready for fun, I am, fur a bigger horned, longer-wooled, tougher old ram than am don't climb any peak from hyer to Wolf Mountain. I'm a snorter when I git a-goin', 1

'I rather think you will have some difficulty in persuading the people round here that you amount to much after the way Montana handled you to-night," the stranger observed, sar-

'Pilgrim! do the boys from Oshkosh think that I took water 'cos I let that chap in Injun fixin's fool with me!" asked the bull-whacker

anxiously

That is about the size of it." "Pilgrim! am I a whipped man? Has this hyer Montana cut my comb and drooped my tail-feathers? Kin I not fill myself with longjuice an' yell that I am chief of the ranche without havin' some pilgrim, to me unknown, sing out Montana!

"I owe you ten dollars!" cried the giant, addenly. "Like a man an' a brother you bet me ten dollars that air Montana was too heafty fur me, an' you were right. Now I'll bet you twenty that I flax him within a week so that he'll be glad to sneak off when he hears my war-horn an' sees me hump myself for

"I'll take the bet!" exclaimed the stranger, quickly. "And keep your eyes about you their boots. Oh, they don't love him much!

this time!" 'I bet yer!" replied the giant, quickly. "Jimmus Bludsoe is no fool, nohow, ef he is a stranger in these hyer parts. Come in an' h'ist

The stranger declined the invitation, and bidding Bludsoe good-night, hurried away leaving the giant free to meditate upon some plan whereby Montana might be discomfited.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ODD REQUEST BRIGHT and beautiful the sun shone on the shanties of Deadwood's magic city; noon had passed and the great sun-god had commen his western descent, heading straight for the giant peaks of the Rocky Mountains and his bed

in the waters of the blue Pacific beyond. Up in the W-st Gulch Hallowell toiled, extracting the g lden grains from the rich lead which Montana had originally struck in the

The absence of his partner had sorely puzzled the honest son of the old Eastern State although Montana was accustomed to absent himself once in a while, and was chary of vouchsafing an explanation, but Hallowell thought that he understood the matter well

enough No better judge of "likely" ground was there in the territory than his partner, and therefore it was plain to Hillowell that Montana was quietly "prospecting" for another golden strike further on in the wilderness. So Hallowell held his tongue and never ques-

tioned Montana in regard to his doings. And while the miner toiled in the stream Cosco, the dog, kert watch and ward, gravely seated upon the top of a high bowlder, a high dred feet or so down the gulch toward the

"Pretty near time to quit!" Hallowell observe I, striding to the shore and suspending his toil for a moment to glance at the sun, now fast descending in the west.

The dog wagged his stumpy tail at the sound of his master's voice, and seemed with his eyes to blink approval of the mi er's observation And then, all of a sudden, the dog turned his head to the southward, pricked up his ears, and a low growl came from between his white teeth.

'Sho! what's the matter, hey, beauty?" exclaimed Hallowell, understanding at once from the dog's manner that some stranger was approaching up the valley.

In the miner's eyes the shaggy-coated terothers ugly as sin itself.

"Bow-wow!" said the dog, sharply.

And then around the angle of the valley came the person whose footfall had excited the dog's watchfulness.

A woman too; slender, handsome Mercedes Kirkley. Dressed in excellent taste was the girl, and

yet attired as plainly as well could be. ture had been lavish of her gifts as far as Mercedes was concerned, and the adage of "beauty unadorned" could have been plainly proved with Mercedes for an example.

"By gol!" Hallowell exclaimed, as the girl advanced toward him, "if she ain't a hum I don't want a cent!"

Even the terrier wagged his stumpy tail and ooked less savage as the girl passed by and

principal mine in the gulch," Hallowell was tempted to reply, but being a bashful man he

did not dare to joke with the girl He noticed the eyes of Miss Kirkley wandering searchingly around and he guessed at once

though it was a matter of no possible interest

"Where has he gone?" Mercedes held a little spray of pine in her hand and she was listlessly picking the spiny points off one by one. I don't know, marm. He never said a

he had better take a little walk up the gulch and cool off, and I hain't seen him since "Do you think that any accident could have befallen him?" and, as she put the question, for

branch of pine. "Oh, no, marm!" Hallowell replied, confidently. "I reckon that Montana is old enough and knows enough to take care of himself al-

"Have you known your partner very long?" Mercedes asked, seating herself upon a

Hallowell was always very much in earnest when Montana was concerned.

"He seems to be a very nice man, but very silent and odd at times," the girl observed,

for him to put in a good word for his partner, and so he proceeded to improve the oc-

"I have heard him called some very hard mes,' she remarked; "they say that he

"Why, marm, we all play cards!" Hallowell cried, indignantly. "There ain't hardly a man in town but what plays a little jest to

pass the time away. "But they say that he is nothing but a com-"I'd like to have a man tell me that!" the mir.er exclaimed, heatedly. "I reckon that I would massacre him or that he would massacre me if he was big enough afore we got through. Why, marm, I reckon that some tana has been talking to you, but it ain't the truth. My partner can play cards, and play 'em for all they are worth, too, but that don't make him a card-sharper; in fact, these fellers in Deadwood who hang round the saloons and git their living a-playing cards hate him like all possessed. You see, they have tried to rope him in for a greeny two or three times and every time he has flaxed them right out of

Your partner had some trouble last night, didn't he?" "Yes, but it was forced on him; some fool bull-whacker, with more muscle than brains. took it into his head that he must get up a fight with Montana.

"How had he offended the man?" "Why, he hadn't offended him at all; he never saw the feller before, but he would have. it, and so my partner jes' slung the galoot over his head and pretty near jarred the life outen

to ask of you," Mercedes said, abruptly.
"You don't say so!" the miner was astonished. "Yes, I want a specimen of your partner's handwriting; a line of poetry I should pre-

"By the by, Mr. Hallowell, I've got a favor

fer." "Oh, yes, I understand; I kin git that for "And you won't let him know that it is for

"Oh, no, of course not!" and Hallowell smiled, significantly, t was all clear to him The girl was dead in love with Montana

for a fact. "And when you get it you will bring it to me up to the store?" Mercedes asked, rising to depart.

"I shall not forget your kindness," and with a smile Mercedes took the road toward "I tell yer, she's got it bad!" Hallowell ex-

claimed, as the girl's graceful figure vanished around the point Hardly had she disappeared from sight when

Montana came into view, striding down the upper end of the gulch 'Hallo! where have you been?" Hallowell

"On a raid," Montana answered, carelessly "I've jest had a visitor."

"Indeed; who was it?" " Miss Mercedes." And then, just as Montana was about to in-

It was Dianora Campbell! (To be continued - commenced in No. 362.)

quire in regard to Miss Kirkley's visit, around

the lower angle of the gulch came a female

Assurbanipl was King of Nineveh seven hun-

rier was a beauty; although in the sight of to the grateful recollection of mankind conhead who ever killed a corn doctor.

dred years before Christ, and his chief claim sists in the fact that he was the first crowned

ealled him a "good dog."

Both men and brutes felt the charm of Mercedes' presence; the women alone denied her

"Good-day, marm," said Hallowell, gal-lantly removing his old slouch hat and duck-ing his head profoundly. "Out for a walk?" "Out for a walk?" "Yes, I am very fond of the romantic wildness of this gulch," she replied.
"And very fond of one of the owners of the

that she was looking for Montans "My partner ain't here," he said.
"No?" responded the girl, carelessly, as

"Yes, he went off last night and I haven't seen him since.

word as to where he was going. We came back from town about nine o'clock last night and he didn't go into the shanty at all. He said that his head felt hot and that he guessed

the moment, she neglected the plucking of the

most anywhere.

"No, marm, not afore I came to this town; we run across each other promiscuous-like. He had jest discovered this claim here and wanted a partner, and it didn't take us two long to hitch hosses, and a better pard than he is don't breathe this here Western air."

The miner felt that the right time had come

'Well, he ain't much of a talker, but he thinks a heap," he said. "But he's a man, every inch of him, built from the ground upward, and he's got a heart as kind and gentle

plays cards and-"

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. THE WEATHER.

"AH! Mr. Brown, good-morning, good-morning. How are you? Cold morning, eh? Ay? and blustering? That's so, very blustering! It has been a most unusual winter! Do you ever remember its like? No? Nor I; never! Now, when I was young we used to have pretty hard winters, plenty of snow, you know but never such continued severe cold weather as we have had this season. I am afraid it will injure next year's crops. If only we could have more snow; that keeps the ground in good condition for the farmers. We had three weeks' continuous sleighing? That is so; but then we need to have the earth covered with snow the whole season. That would make bad traveling in town? Oh! to be sure it would, deuced bad traveling; snow makes the streets horrible. There is no denying it; snow is bad for city people; yes, and for th poor; but it is good for the rubber trade. You aren't in the rubber trade, are you? My son-in-law is in that line, and I tell you he appreciates a good snow-storm; that drives the people to the shoe-stores.

Do you think we are going to get rain today? Yes, it does look a little like it. Strange w much rain we get. Now, I like real clear, cold weather, in winter-tones a man up, you know. Why, yes, to be sure, we had some nice weather last week and week before-about ten days of it-but it does not last, there's the rub! Storms again so soon. But, rain is better than those windy, dusty days. I cannot abide dust! Time enough for that, you know, Brown, when a man has to turn to it, eh? Ha ha! But, then, I never complain of the weath Some people are always finding fault, as if Providence did not know what it was about But I look at Old Prob, and go my way, and never grumble whether it says rometer, light winds and heavy fogs,' or 'Falling barometer, cold winds and a thaw.' Old Prob is a great institution, Brown; but have you noticed what a remarkably changeable climate we have had since he took the weather

THE "TIMES."

"I think you said you were not in the rubber business? Good thing, sir! The rubber trade is mighty poor in these times. Actually, rubbers and shoes are sold continually by the big houses, for less than they can be made up; and the little houses have to give them away ves, just give them away! I never saw such times for the rubber trade, or any other trade! Times are awful, awful, sir! Never saw the like! What is your business?

and Brown, & Co.! Well, I suppose you do not mind the times so much. People must have something on their backs. Women will dress, if they have to starve their families and ruin their husbands. I do not see as the hard times ever makes much difference with the la dies, do you? Why, you don't say so? Hard times in your business, too? Doing actually nothing? Spring trade does not come in at all? Stock a dead weight on your hands? Why, it is dreadful, dreadful! What is the country, and what are the people coming to? Failures in your line reported every day? Is that so, sir? Well. I have often wondered how so many men in the dry goods business manage to keep their heads above water. There are to write a composition than strive to hide that so many small stores, that have but few cusunder, these times!

"The largest firms feel the bard times the most? Now you don't tell me so! The little stores do not have such heavy expenses, nor to carry so much stock? True, true, Mr. Brown. Yes, it is a fact that times never were so bad before, within my memory! Though, I do think, some reople suffer less than they say. There are Jenkas and Manning, big jobbers in blue panes make life supremely blissful.

rags, you know, make as much of a howl over the times as any one; when they have done more business every month this year than any corresponding month last year. Rags must be bought, and paper made, whether times are hard or not; and they are doing a good busi-ness, and only grumble because other folks do. Now in my trade, wholesale groceries, everything is at a standstill! We are really doing nothing! The times never were so dull, and no prospect of their picking up, either! I tell my wife, if the money market does not better soon we shall have to take market. soon, we shall have to take quarters in the

CIGARS.

"Will you have a cigar, Brown? Take another—oh! no thanks! I am delighted to have you try them. They are some I im port for my own special use. I pay thirty-five dollars a box, beside the duty on them. good price, but then I know they are good! How do you like them? Tip-top, eh? Rather strong? Yes, but I like a good strong eigar, when you know it is made of the best tobacco. Do I ever smoke 'la Rosa?' No, I do not care for them. In fact, I am so fond of these I seldom use any other. There is no dependence to be placed on half the cigars you buy here. They are too mild, or too rank, or too dry, or too green. Now these are gems, sir! fraud about that. You will find the tobacco

properly cured and the same all through.
"You smoke 'Partagas' and 'Reinas, mostly? Yes, those are good brands; first-rate genuine 'Reina' is excellent smoking. 'Flor del Fumars' are good, too; do you like them? Now, if you smoked a pipe, Brown, I could offer you some of the finest Turkish and Latakia tobacco you ever laid your eyes on. get it for a friend who is an inveterate smoker,

but likes the weed fragrant and mild. Well, here we are. Just take another of these cigars, Brown. I'm going to order some more to-day. Order you a box, too? Oh! with pleasure; and you'll be pleased with your bar gain. It is very sensible of you, very. Good-morning, good-morning; by the way, I am going to reduce my business to a little more ec nomical basis, to-day—cut down my clerks wages! One cannot afford to give clerks big pay such times as these! Retrenchment is my motto. Good one, eh? So it is; so it is! will not forget your box of cigars. Good A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

COMPOSITIONS.

PROBABLY there is no greater horror to the scholar than the writing of a composition. The very word strikes terror to the fainthearted—and to the brave-hearted, sometimes Composition day is looked forward to much the same as the criminal notes the approach of his hour of execution. One thinks that the entence passed upon the condemned man can not be listened to with more aversion than those words of dread and dire import: positions are to be handed in next Thursday

The earth seems a dreary waste, the pleas ant world but a desert wild. How one wishes that compositions—like poets—were born, not One envies the quiet sleepers in the old burying-ground, for their composition days are over. One longs to go to Heaven, where compositions are unknown. If we could but pluck compositions from trees and bushes as easily as we can fruit and flowers, there might be more pleasure in compositions, but as we cannot they are worse than the horrors of Dante's "Inferno.

How many mothers are begged, coaxed and entreated to write missives to the teachers, asking excuses from that nightmare, compos tions! How many have strange headaches come on at the time compositions should be written-some real and caused by unnecessary worriment, but others merely as an excuse to

Quires of paper are spoiled with commenceface is drawn into the most doleful and rloomy expression at what seems a herculean ask, and much time is wasted in thinking over and dreading when more might be done in ac complishing.

But compositions need not be such bugbears if one would but think they were not. You can talk fast enough upon various subjects, I'll be bound. Then why not write as you would talk? Express yourself as you would in conversation, and don't think you've got to jumble lot of big dictionary-words together to make your composition pass muster. You seem to agine that you are obliged to forget your self and be somebody else, and that you are to put your own identity in the grave and write s though you were jotting down other peoole's ideas. Be natural, like your own very elf, and don't make it appear that you are a student strutting about in a professor's robes because they will not set well upon you.

I have always found that the most general excuse for not wanting to write compositions sexactly this: "I don't know what to write That seems so strange to me, for the world is so large, and there is so much in it and upon it, I should think there would be enough to write about to outlast one's lifetime and instead of one finding a difficulty in com mencing, it seems as though it would be hard er to know when and where to leave off. Oftentimes when one sits down to write a etter, an essay, or a story, he can think of but little to pen; but as one gets at the work and becomes interested in it, the ideas will flow, and I don't see why this should not be appli cable to compositions, and yet I have heard young girls solemnly declare that they would ooner have a tooth pulled than write a com position. You can see by that what a terror

Why not write of the thousand and one incidents of school life-of the friendships one 'Dry goods, eh? Why to be sure, Brown forms-of the habits and traits of human ings? Give a journal of your own daily life and occupations, and, dull as it may appear to you, it will prove interesting to others, be cause it is a record of what is personal, individual, rather than of what is common to all.

I am sorry to say that some people are too indolent to write compositions, which is a great and grievous fault; so they get some one else to write them, which is even worse: but, much worse still, they copy from some article which has been in print and pass it off as their That is a despicable bit of meanness, I would not want to have such a person's conscience for worlds.

indolence by committing a literary theft. Bettomers; poor things! I suppose they cannot | ter spur up and be more honorable. If you have a composition to write, my advice to you can be written in two words-write it! EVE LAWLESS.

> By cutting off his cigars and saving half his blue-glass windows. By a strange paradox, the world.

Foolscap Papers.

A Spell of Weather.

As it is a bad day, and we can't get out to go around and pay our debts, we will sit in the house and talk about the weather—I'll do the talking. I learned to talk early and have not forgot it.

I know more about the weather than old

weather himself. You have heard of old Probabilities; well, I am old Possibilities, and as far as the weather is concerned I make no uess-work of it.

My mother was a Weatherhead before me.

On the parish register I find, "Jan. 15, 18— Mr. Tobias Whitehorn to Miss Jerusha Wea therhead." She brought all kinds of weather into the family, and my father never got over it. In fact he was weather-beaten and got so under the weather that he finally left it alto-

The weather is a big thing, and spreads pretty much over the entire surface of the globe, and some of it occasionally gets into Hoboken. There are all kinds of weather, including a few ther kinds, and since the Presidential muddle it is hard for anybody to tell any more what kind of weather will be next.

Bad weather is given us so that we shall appreciate the good, and good weather is given us so we can appreciate the bad, as near as I

The weather is regulated a good deal by the state of the atmosphere, and if the atmosphere is bad the weather is pretty sure to spoil—for the weather is not warranted to keep in any

The weather like anybody else finds it easier to be bad than to be good, and so it always looks on the easiest side.

In the winter it has got to be so that we look for cold weather, and we don't have to look very far, and it is a shame. Now, how much better would it be all around if we could have cold weather in the summer and warm weather in the winter?

Nobody knows what an incalculable benefit it would be; every thing would go along smoothly then. In the hot month of July we would not be going around with fans and straw hats, and in January we would not have to lie under the stove all day. If I was President of these United States I would look into this matter a little. What we need is a little reform in the weather, as well as in anything else, and it ought to be seen to.

How much more delightful would it be to have a cold 4th of July and a hot Christmas, and warm sleigh-rides, etc?

Cold weather is produced by the heat being all extracted from the weather, and it is left to shiver out in the air with nothing on, as it were, but a linen coat, and a little cold weather wrapped around a man soon takes the varmth out of him, and his heart yearns for a red-hot stove.

Thermometers are used to tell people how the weather is, when if it was not for them folks would never know, and would not suf-This is pure foolishness, and should be abated.

Warm weather is produced by a good deal of heat getting loose and running abroad, chasing the cold over the fence, and taking posses-sion of the premises; and just when we want cold weather it is not in the market; and that

is the way with things of late.

It gets as much too hot as it does too cold, and we are in great need of a board of equali-

Snow and ice always come with cold weather, and it is one of the most foolish things the weather can do; and that is what I despise it

The wind is sometimes very atmospheric, and goes around the earth as if it was after something, and I have frequently seen it blow the air entirely away, and we need what little we've got, for what is weather without air in Wind, with cold weather attached to it, is an

abomination and a fraud, and it is a terrible thing to swallow, and sometimes it is so sharp that you think it has been ground on a grindstone; it is too sharp. I sometimes wish that we had no weather at

What a delightful state would that be? The weather sometimes falls into the creek and gets very wet. It then rains supreme. Rainy weather ought to be run through a wringer.

The weather gets pretty active sometimes, and begins to turn hand-springs and produces

Storms are more violent at sea, and ships are often overset, unless they have umbrellas to hoist and keep the wind off. Wind is very good in hot weather, but we don't always have it. If they could put up wind, cut and dried for hot weather, it would sell. In the vinter the weather is generally pretty full of wind-mills, and whenever the wind gets into the weather it plays smash.

The signal office has weather stations in many parts of the United States, but for the life of me I can't see that the weather is materially changed on account of them. True we know more about the weather all over the ountry, but we generally have enough around the house to satisfy us. What consolation is it for me to read that to-morrow will be sixty degrees colder than cold, when I have not an overcoat to my back! or to read, "put on more blankets to-night," when I've got all

It is said that the man in the moon regulates the weather to a great extent. I don't think very much of the man in the moon. He don't know much about the business at least, or he has not been at it very long, and I am in favor of taking it out of his hands.

The weather gets so warm sometimes that I have often looked to see it burned up, and so terrible cold that one would think it would surely freeze to death.

But if it was not for the weather I don't know what people would do when they meet for a topic of conversation. The very life of all social gatherings would be gone.

It is said that the moon has no weether at ll. Thrice blessed sphere! If I could hitch up and drive there, what a glorious remainder would be my end!

The weather is full of all kinds of changeexcept silver. The day may be warm, then the night comes and freezes all the heat out of it, and the weather is so rigid that you could set it up against the fence. It is not

We are having a great deal more weather in ours than we used to have, and it is mostly a worthless imitation. It is stuffed. The real genuine article is out of the market. There is too much bad weather on hand. The weather machine is greatly out of order.

It is a bad thing to be under the weather, that is to be under much of it. I lately thought I was under all the weather in the world. car-fares, every man may fill his house with There is nothing like it to get a man down in

Many people can predict a change in the ous.

weather by their corns getting frisky-they seem to be in corncord with it. There is gen-

erally more change in the weather than we have in our pockets, and I don't see why.

The weather puts on its overcoat in the summer and warms up, and it is very hard to

weather the weather sometimes. The weather depends a good deal on the latitude, and it has a good deal of latitude. A cold winter day, spread with a slice of the fourth of July, would be better to take.

Yours, weather or no, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

-The Black Hills fever has made its appear ance in Maine; in fact, for that matter, it is cropping out in many localities as spring apcoaches; and in this connection it may be men tioned that a regular stage-line from Bismarck to Deadwood is projected.

—One day, recently, in the vicinity of Charlottesville, Va., a party of ladies and gentlemen engaged in the exciting sport of an old-fashioned fox-hunt. The ladies were early on the ground at the call of the horn, followed the dogs closely, and were in at the death. One of them secured the brush.

-A small ridge of sand, it is found, separates the Mediterranean from the depressed desert at the "back" of Algiers and Tunis. Some enter-prising engineers proposed to pierce through this sandhill and let the sea in to overflow the des-ert, thinking to turn it into a navigable lake. The French Academie des Sciences countenances the idea

—Cornell, Columbia and Princeton will row in four-oars on Greenwood Lake, New York, next July, without coxswains. The New England colleges, outside of Yale and Harvard, will probably row at New London in four-oars. Yale and Harvard will row by themselves in eightoars, with coxswains, and Cornell has challenged the winner in this race. the winner in this race.

—New York has just discovered that the map-makers have made her geography crooked. Whole cities are misplaced. For instance, Buf-falo is two miles from where it ought to be. New Yorkers are trying to decide whether it would be cheaper to move the cities and towns to correspond with the maps, or to construct a new geography to fit the towns and cities.

—A professor of the Sorbonne, reporting on the ravages of the phylloxera (grape pest intro-duced from America) in France, says that where the invasion of the insect took place first some years ago no traces are now left, for the vine itself has disappeared, and no traces are apparent that the regions in question were once wine-grow-ing districts. Where the destroying influences are still at work the spectacle is heartrending. In many places American vines are being plant-ed rapidly—these so far not being attacked by the phylloxera—and on these it is intended to graft the European kinds. What if our potato-bug this year passes over the ocean!

-It is stated in the Turf, Field and Farm that the farmers in Nebraska have commenced the domestication of the buffalo. The wild animals, while young, are introduced among herds of the tame stock, only one or two at a time. Half and quarter breed are found to be very hardy, and in the yield of milk the cows raised of mixed stock give even more than the average yield of rich milk. The experiment promises well, as the endurance of the wild animals is imparted to the domestic stock. In this way the extermination of the species will take a new form, and when wild buffaloes become legendary creatures the progeny of the race will still exist in modified,

though probably more useful form. —At the recent opening of Parliament in London the queen wore a black velvet dress, with a long train trimmed with miniver and crape, and a long white tulle vail, surmounted by the crown in diamonds. Her Majesty also wore a necklace and ear-rings of large diamonds, the Koh-i-Noor as a brooch, the Riband and Star of the Order of the Garter and the Victoria and Albert Order. as a brooch, the Riband and Star of the Order of the Garter, and the Victoria and Albert Or-der. Princess Louise wore a garnet velvet dress, trimmed with cream satin and steel. The jewelry worn by her Royal Highness consisted of diamonds and pearls. Princess Beatrice wore a dress of Armure cardinal, and fawn-colored poult de soie, trimmed with Brussels lace and embroidery of fawn-colored chenille, with red and bronze foliage. Head-dress—diamond star, feather and vail. Ornaments—necklace, earings and brooch of diamonds. Orders-the Riboon and Star of St. Katharine of Russia, the Or-ler of St. Isabelle of Portugal, the Victoria and Albert, and the Coburg and Gotha family Or-

—It is worthy of note that while a malignant hatred of Chinese individuality is fomented under cover of hostility to their immigration, our females have fallen in love with Chinese costumes and customs, in some respects, and accepted them as models. The pictures of Chinese ladies to which one has been accustomed for many years, bear a close resemblance to the American belle of the present day. The repul-sive hump, the crippled feet, and the mincing gait of our women, if they do not fortify the Dargait of our women, if they do not fortify the Dar-winian theory of the origin of the species from monkeys, at least give the appearance of retro-grading monkeyward. The dress, uncouth and deforming as it is, would not of itself deserve notice; but the high heels, crippling the feet and distorting the limbs, are an outrage on grace, on anatomy, on humanity, entitling the authors, could they be detected, to criminal responsibility. A convention of corn doctors, in the in scheme for good times.

-A young clerk in a notary's office in Alencon recently took it into his head to write let-ters to ten hunchbacks in various parts of France, requesting them to call at the office of us employer on a certain morning for the pur-cose of receiving a communication of great im-cortance to themselves. At the hour named, portance to themselves. At the hour named, when the first hunchback appeared, the notary happened to be busy, and asked him to take a seat for a few minutes. A second hunchback soon entered, followed by a third and a fourth. While the notary was still closeted with his client, six more hunchbacks straggled in, one after another. The clerks were unable to maintain their gravity, and the hunchbacks, after glancing suspiciously at one another, gave vent to their irritation. The notary rushed out of his their irritation. The notary rushed out of his private office to find the clerks convulsed with laughter, and ten infuriated hunchbacks choked with gabble and rage. They showed him the letters which they had received, and after making many apologies he convinced them that they were the victims of a clever hoax.

—Blue glass mosaics: A Lanesborough, Mass., physician has put an asthma patient under mazarine blue.—A canary bird in a Chicago mansion lost its voice about two years ago. A few days ago its cage was hung in a window in front of blue glass. Result: Theraupeutic action on the cerebro-spinal nervous system. The bird of blue glass. Result: Theraupeutic acan the cerebro-spinal nervous system. The bird can now sing the old songs.—Blue glass lamp chimneys promote literature and digestion.—A Chicago chemist says that it is nonsense to sup-Chicago chemist says that it is nonsense to suppose that the blue ray cures disease. The other rays, he says, cause and aggravate disease. In other words, it is not the presence of the blue, but the absence of the other rays that does the curative work.—A glass company on the Berkshire. Hills is receiving orders for blue glass shire Hills is receiving orders for blue glass from all parts of the country.—In Buffalo blue glass is good for measles, and in Cincinnati it re-stores hair to bald heads.—Thomas Gaffield of Boston, in a long communication to The Transcript, reviews Gen. Pleasanton's experiments with figs and grapes, and expresses the opinion that no man of intelligence or scientific attainments can take up the book and read it without folling that it is removed beyond the school to the control of the control criticism and placed among the many choly burlesques of science and induc vestigations which have already become notori

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "The Wanderer's Grave;" "My First yster;" "Concerning Our Daughter;" "New trapes;" "Colter's Adventure;" "An Adventure on the Mississippi"

Frapes;" "Colter" on the Mississippi. Accepted: "The Ruin;" "Playing a Part;" "The Coral Heart;" "Lost and Won;" "A Night of Ter-or;" "Scar-Faced Sam;" "Absalom's Place;" "A Cunning Ruse;" "Mountain Tom's Oath."

W. O. K. American Journal of Pharmacy, 145 North 10th street, Philadelphia. R. S. The authors named are not one and the same.

T. F. J. We think the incident has already been used for a sketch.

Subscriber. Address Joe Jot, Jr., through this office.

M. J. T. See Palfrey's History of New England, or Trumbull's Connecticut.

or Trumbull's Connecticut.

E. L. S. Will send you the paper as you request. Your first request must have been overlooked.

JONNIE, AGED 10. We did send your request to Joe Jot, Jr., and will scold him for you. Perhaps Joe never slid down hill!

JNO. H. W. Ventriloquism is largely an acquired art, but, unquestionably, a natural adaptation of thest, tone and voice is requisite.—For chapped

JNO. L. Q. Have already given the recipe at least a dozen times. Consult back numbers.— Your chirography is fair.—Never feel "awkward" when you go in company because of a mere face blemish.

blemish.

E. P. F. Judging by your statement we should say by the terms of the will there is no power under the will to disposess the children of the property, and if the property has been sold and the money reinvested the real heirs' claim is not compromised. They must, however, by their guardian, at once take steps to obtain a reversion of the estate according to the fixed terms of the will.

take steps to obtain a reversion of the estate according to the fixed terms of the will.

Mrs. J. P. M. You can send orders by mail for glovos, with a sample of the color. With a tape-measure find the exact size of your hand around it at the knuckles. If the measure is six inches you take number six glove; if six and three-quarter inches you take 6½ gloves, etc. The best makes of gloves are sold by the importers of French kids, who make a specialty of those articles and keep nothing else in their stores.

CAESAR asks what will remove the "shinyness" from clothing which has been worn for a time? The best way is to take the articles to a tailor who will sponge and press them, unless you have a mother, sister or wife who will undertake to do this at home. Water, in which a small quantity of borax has been dissolved, is excellent for sponging off all soiled and greasy spots, and a hot flat-iron should then be used upon the wrong side of the garment. French chalk removes the most obdurate grease-spots, and ammonia (spirits) restores faded grease-spots, and ammonia (spirits) restores faded or changed colors.

or changed colors.

JULIA D., Newtown. Polonaises are being very largely made up for spring suits. They are very plain at the waist, all the draping being near the bottom of the skirt. The prettiest sleeves for dresses to be worn mostly in the house are made tight to an inch or so below the elbow and then finished with one, two or three ruffles or plaitings, falling loosely over wide crape lisse edging. Bracelets should be worn with this style of sleeve; many ladies are partial to black velvet ribbon tied about the arm in a tiny bow. The jetty black of the velvets ests off to advantage the whiteness and roundness of the arm. ess of the arm.

ness of the arm.

Henry, Barrytown, says: "In an account of a recent love-affair that was quite the excitement for a few days, I saw a quotation something like this: 'But why did you kick me down-stairs?' Will you tell me the correct words, and where they are from, or who first used them, and about what?' The quotation reads thus:

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love, But—why did you kick me down-stairs?"
It is from "The Panel," Act L, Scene L, by J. P. Kemble, an English author, who lived from 1757 to 1823. We cannot tell you more about the words without reading the play, which you, yourself, can do.

H. E. E. writes: "If a lady receives the announcement of a wedding and her friend receives not only the announcement but a card for calling, do you not think the first lady has a right to feel insulted?" Often cards for a wedding are sent to mere acquaintances, while cards for a reception are issued to more intimate friends, and the discrimination is considered quite proper; but where announcement cards only are sent out the calling card should not be excluded, as cards should only be sent to those whose future acquaintance is invited. The marriage notice in the newspapers is sufficient notice to those whose acquaintance is not intimately desired. So, in the case you mention, the lady certainly is justified in looking upon the matter as a slight.

MILLIE DUANE. The mats of which you speak

MILLIE DUANE. The mats of which you speak are made upon bagging, or large sacks that have been used for merchandize. If very thick and even-threaded a single thickness only is needed to work upon; but thin sacking is generally used doubled. The patterns are worked in double zephyr wools, and the colors should harmonize with the prevail-The patterns are worked in double zephyr wools, and the colors should harmonize with the prevailing colors of the room in which the mat is to be used Initials or a monogram may be embroidered in the center, and the edge is fluished by worsted or bullion fringe or a crochetted border. These mats are very bright and pretty before bureaus, lounges and toilet-tables. Bright bits of carpet, neatly bound, are serviceable to lay over worn places in the carpet; and some ladies embroider towels of linen crash, and pin down in front of such articles of furniture as are so much used as to endanger wearing of spots in the carpet.

"Lord Byron" asks: "What is the nicest perfume for the breath after smoking? Is there any motto or meaning connected with different precious stones? If so what stone is emblematic of constancy? Is it true that opals are unlucky stones?" The finest and most effectual purifiers and perfumers of the breath are "gray pastilles," which you can make yourself, or get some reliable druggist to make for you. Mix, with warm water, to a stiff paste, seven drachms of chlorate of lime, three drachms of vanilla sugar, five drachms of gum arabic; roll and cut into small lozenges.—Most precious stones have an emblematical significance. Garnets signify constancy, and are supposed to be particularly appropriate as the ornaments of a person whose birth month is January. There is a tradition that opals are evil stones to wear, and there is also an acceptance of them as the stone meaning "hope." Think as you choose, since neither opinion will after the fact that they really are without influence for good or evil.

NETTIE H. says: "I am troubled with pimples on

NETTIE H. says: "I am troubled with pimples on my face, and would like to know of something that would remove them without harm. Also, I have lesh-worms, and will be much obliged to you if you will recommend anything that will over me of them without injury to the skin." Make a mixture thirty-six grains of bicarbonate of soda, one draw of glycerine, one ounce of spermaceti cinture of glycerine, one ounce of spermaceti cinture. Twice a day, say at rising and while preparing retire, rub this upon the face. Let fit remain fifteen minutes, and then wipe it nearly all off was oft cloth. Or, there is a still more simple redy which you might try first. Keep upon y toilet-table a bottle of rose-water (one pint) which is mixed one teaspoonful of carbolic as This is a healing and purifying lotion for a subject to pimples. Suppose you cure the pim first; then you can take the flesh-worms or codones in hand by using this wash: three dract of essence of roses, four ounces of distilled wa eighteen grains of subcarbonate of soda. eighteen grains of subcarbonate of soda.

of essence of roses, four ounces of distilled water, eighteen grains of subcarbonate of soda.

Miss Inquisitive asks: "Can different colors be produced in blanc mange? If so will you give me the recipes?" You can make blanc mange yellow, chocolate colored, red, or pure white. It is very ornamental and pleasing to have the four varieties upon one flat dish surrounded by sugared fruit or some contrasting color of jelly. Make the white blanc mange first: put a pint of milk, with sugar, sait, and lemon flavoring to taste over the fire; reduce two tablespoonsful of corn-starch to a smooth paste, with a little milk; when the milk is almost to a boil, stir in the paste and boil—stirring all the time—about five minutes. Turn out into a fluted bowl, or deep glass, which has been previously filled and rinsed with cold water. Red blanc mange is made in the same manner, but flavored with rose and colored with a trifle of cochineal. Yellow blanc mange is flavored with vanilla, and has the well-beaten yolks (not the whites) of two or three eggs added to the milk. Make chocolate blanc mange in a like manner, but grate two table-spoonsful of chocolate, reduce to a thin, smooth paste with brilling water, and add to the simmering milk. Make the same quantity of each, use the same style of mold for each, and when cold and solid, and turned of t upon the same dish, the effect is delightful. It is a simple but showy dessert. Serve in saucers with cream and sugar to taste.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

SPECIAL NOTICE. All advertisements in our col umns stand on their own merit. We in no way indorse them. We insert none that we think are ob-

JUST A PASSING CLOUD

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

"There! Go your way now, John—our engage-ment's at an end!
Don't try to explain, John—you cannot the mat-ter mend;
For I am heartly tired, John, and nearly sick of I'd never make you happy, so I'd best not be your wife!"

Wait a minute, Jennie, and heed what I have to You know, or ought to know, that it never was my way
To treat my true love harshly, or say to her
what's wrong;
But I wish you wouldn't flirt with that old Captain Strong!"

I won't be taken to task, John, every time I stir! And there's your cousin Clare—and you were firting with her!

You paid your best devoirs, sir, to her at every change And I saw you squeeze her hand twice in a single

"I didn't mean to pain you, Jen-I wouldn't for my I'll stop if you'll forgive-" "And I'll be your

"Then we'll forgive each other—" "Yes, and wedded be ere long!"
"Then I'll not care for Clare—" "No, nor I for Captain Strong."

Great Captains. SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

The Liberator of Scotland.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THE race of Scottish kings that expired with Alexander III., (1286), left Scotland a well ordered and prosperous nation, with a promising future. But Alexander died childless, and his granddaughter, Margaret, "the Maiden of Norway," (daughter of Eric, King of Norway) was his successor. To unite the crowns and kingdoms of England and Scotland, Edward I., of England, now effected a betrothal of the Maiden of Norway with his son, Edward. The early death of Margaret, however, prevented this prospective union, and opened the way for the cruel war, the insurrections, the social and political disorder which thereafter afflicted

In the contest for the succession, which followed, the wily and wholly unprincipled Edward I. saw his opportunity to acquire virtual sovereignty over the sister kingdom. He induced the Scots to accept himself as arbitrator between the rival claims of John Baliol and Robert Bruce, descendants of David, the Scottishking. Under guise of passing over to the successful claimant all the strong places in Scotland, Edward possessed all those places, and, by espousing the side of Baliol, hoped to make him a mere vassal. John was nominally crowned, (Nov. 30th, 1292), but Edward really was master. This greatly incensed the Scots; and Baliol, to break his dependency, made an alliance with the King of France, with whom Edward was at war. This, of course, gave Edward all the pretext needed for invading Scotland, and, defeating the armies of Baliol, finally took him prisoner, and bore him to London. There he remained, while Edward held Scotland under

a severe vassalage. During this period, (1296-97), the English garrisoned all the towns, and the enmity of all classes of the Scots grew daily, so that outbreaks were incessant and bloodshed was common. Then first appeared William Wallace, soon to ecome so renowned in history as the liberator of his country. He was outlawed for having stabbed and killed a young Englishman for his insolence, as early as 1292, and, taking to the woods as a retreat, gathered around him those brave spirits who were afterward to become a terror to the enemy and the hope of Scot-

obscurity, and of his early life we have no really authentic data. He is supposed to have been "well descended"—his father being Malcolm, Knight of Elderslie and Auchenbothie, in Renfrewshire, and his mother, Margaret, a daughter of Sir Raynauld Crawford, of Ayr, and Sir Malcolm's second wife. William was born about the year 1270-about the middle of the reign of Alexander III. He was, it is now probable, well educated for those rough times.

He grew to a manhood of herculean strength and undaunted courage, and detesting the English with a fierce hatred, he not only swore no fealty to Edward but took up arms against him. He fell upon their detachments and posts. From his haunts in the woods around Ayr he would issue to perform feats of daring and adventure, that to this day are recalled by Scotsmen with loving pride. The story of these exploits, purely legendary as they arefor no authentic record of them exists-have grown into accepted history, and no volume in the library more enlists the attention of boy readers than the largely apochryphal biography

When the "rising" against Edward occurred, Wallace's band became a natural nucleus of rebellious and patriotic spirits. May, 1297, he began to strike boldly at the English posts, to seize English property, and to concert open rebellion. He drove the English justiciary, Ormesby, from Scone, where he was holding his courts, and Ormesby only escaped capture and summary vengeance This high-handed and "overt" act precipitated the "rebellion." The Scotch seemed to rise everywhere. Many of the Scottish barons either openly joined his ranks or favored his designs, until the movement became so formidable that the Earl Warenne, the royal governor of the subdued kingdom, called in an army of 40,000 strong to march against the in-

Strong enough for a predatory warfare, the Scots were not ready for such a mass of disciplined troops, led by Lord Henry Percy. They gathered at Irwin, in a strong position, but as ach baron assumed to command his own retainers, the Scottish force was found to be so wanting in coherency that one after another of the leaders began to waver; and Lord Percy, wise enough to profit by these dissensions; ade terms with so many of his adherents that Wallace was compelled to abandon the field, and again become an outlaw (July, 1297). In his resentment he plundered the house of the Bishop of Glasgow, and carried off his family to the north. He was not discouraged but disgusted with this defection of the nobles, and thereafter looked only to his immediate friends for succor. Patriotic hearts and brave souls came at his call, and he soon gathered army enough to take the castle of Dunettar, to clear

behind the Abbey of Cambuskenneth. Again the English, now under Warenne, tried diplomacy, but Wallace answered the governor's emissa ries: "Return and tell your masters that we came not here to treat but to assert our rights, and to set Scotland free. Let them advance;

they will find us ready!" This defiant answer greatly incensed the English officers, who all demanded to be led at once upon the bold Scotsman, vowing to wreak a dire revenge on him for his temerity. Warenne started for the Scotch position, by crossing the Stirling bridge; but Wallace then struck and overwhelmed the confident enemy, September 11th, 1297. The defeat was terrible, and the English, abandoning all, fled in a disorderly rout, pursued by Wallace, who thus rendered their disaster complete.

This great victory was quickly succeeded by the fall of Dundee Castle and other strongholds; the Scots occupied Berwick, and for the moment Scotland was free! But, the victor did not pause. He passed into England, ravaged the country up to the very gates of Newcastle, and returned to his own wretched country laden with spoils and supplies.

Of course Wallace was the hero and people's idol. He was then knighted, and in 1298 assumed the title of "Governor of Scotland in the name of King John (Baliol) and by consent of the Scotch nation."

Edward was fighting in Flanders when news of this disaster reached him. He at once re-turned to England, and marched into Scotland, his army in two detachments. One under the Earl of Pembroke landed by sea in the north of Fife. Wallace was ready for this incursion. He gave Pembroke battle and administered a signal defeat (June 12th, 1298), then turned ipon King Edward, marching in by way of the eastern border, so strong as to compel sub-mission as he advanced. The eastle of Dirleton made a sturdy defense, but had to sur-render to Beck, Bishop of Durham—for in those days prelates were also military leaders, by virtue of their authority over men

The peril to Scotland was imminent enough. The most patriotic flew to arms, but many of the barons, timid or time-serving, made their peace with the invader, and kept their retainers from the field, paying Edward princely prices for his forgiveness. But to the national standard flocked thousands ready to suffer and die, if need be, for their country. Wallace gathered these in watchful readiness to strike when the moment came.

Failing in receiving provisions by sea, in the frith of Clyde, Edward had to retreat for sus tenance to the eastern border. The Scots followed closely, and had advanced to Falkirk when the English king turned suddenly upon them, and a terrible battle occurred, in which the Scots were defeated with great slaughter and their army completely dispersed (July 22d, 1298). Wallace and his confederates fought with incredible valor, and himself performed amazing deeds that day, if we may believe the popular legends and the romantic rhymes of the "Blind Minstrel," Harry, who wrote nearly two centuries after the hero's death.

After this defeat Wallace passed from power as "Governor" and leader of the army. He resumed his old haunts, however, and gave the English infinite trouble by his daring raids and tireless hostility. Robert Bruce, John Cummin (Comyn) and the bishop of St. Andrew's were chosen guardians of Scotland in the name of the absent Baliol, still in London—a virtual prisoner to Edward. These men acted patriotically. All the country north of the Forth was still in their undisputed possession, as well as the country of Galloway. The English king, repairing Stirling Castle, which Wallace had ordered to be burned, was there besieged, and at the close of the year he retired, in some disgust—having made little headway in subduing the "rebellion."

The succeeding year he returned with a powerful force, wasted Annandale and reduced Galloway, when a truce was effected, to last until Whitsunday, 1301. Then another strong army William Wallace's whole history is in much advanced into the doomed kingdom, under the security, and of his early life we have no really English regent, John de Legrove, and near but how could she wrong these darlings? Cor-Roslyn met the Scots under Fraser and Comyn. A succession of battles was fought "on the first Sunday in Lent," 1302. The English coming up in three divisions were fought and defeated. in three battles; the first two divisions being almost wholly cut to pieces and destroyed, but the third, after defeat, owing to the exhaustion of the Scots, was not pursued, and Legrove retired to Edinburgh. In this memorable battle Wallace appears to have had no part. He was, we are told, at enmity with most of the Scottish leaders, whose divisions were in cessant and whose jealousy of the people's hero seems to have led to the half-outlaw life he pursued. His band was strong and greatly attached to him. He led them with his old intrepidity and success during the two years fol lowing the battle of Roslyn, when a bitter but sultory struggle was maintained, in which the English, by weight of numbers and plentifulness of supplies, gained such advantages over the wretched, half-starved Scots, that, when Comyn was defeated before Stirling Castle, the last hope of Scottish liberty expired. and Edward dictated his own terms of peace and submission.

Bruce and Comyn surrendered themselves. along with the other leaders. Only the brave Fraser refused all terms. He fled to join Wallace, up in the northern hills, where the two leaders tried to rouse their countrymen to continue the struggle. But it was hopeless; even Wallace lost heart. "Amid the wreck of the national liberties," one historian writes, "Wallace scorned submission. He had lived a free man and a free man he resolved to die. The season of resistance was past. He perceived that there remained no more hope, and sought out a place of concealment, where, eluding the vengeance of Edward, he might silently lament

over his fallen country.' The final peace of capitulation and submission this document, (written in French), Monsieur Guillaume de Galeys was invited to "give himself up to the king's mercy, if he so pleased;" but, de Galeys, (or Waleys, as he himself spelled his name), did not give himself up, and in a parliament or convention of the Scotch nobility called by Edward, he and Fraser were declared outlaws, and agents were set to work to discover and betray them. One of these agents, Ralph Haliburton, was successful in discovering the haunt of Wallace, and in placing him in the hands of Sir John Monteith, at Dumbarton Castle. By Monteith the "outlaw" was at once sent, under strong guard, to

His arrival there created an immense tion, and the very next day, (August 23d, 1305), he was escorted by the mayor, sheriffs, five o'clock of the evening, and as Mr. Castlemaine was unexpectedly absent in Philadelphia maine was unexpectedly absent in Philadelphia berdeen, Forfar, Brechin, and other towns of ster, where he was arraigned as a traitor to for the night, his wife was just deploring the their English garrisons, and then laid siege to the king, and as having burned villages, dullness of her welcome home, and wishing she the castle of Dundee. These successes again stormed castles, and slain many of the subjects had remained one day longer at charming started an English army for his destruction; of England. "I could not be a traitor to the Scarravelt (only in that case she should not so, leaving the siege of the castle to the people King of England," he boldly answered, "for have had the felicity of her dear Miss Cora's

Englishmen, but it was in the defense of the rights and liberties of my native land."

But, what availed any plea before a court ordered to condemn him? He was found guilty and sentenced to a death of atrocious cruelty. On that very day, after being dragged to the usual place of execution—the Elms, in West Smithfield—at the tails of horses, he was there hanged on a high gallows, but, ere he was dead, he was taken down, and while yet alive, was disemboweled, and the bowels burnt before his eyes; then his head was struck off and his body cut into four quarters and sent to Scotland. His right arm was set up at Newcastle bridge, his left at Berwick, his right leg at Perth, his left at Aberdeen, while his head was put on a pike on London bridge.

The monstrous cruelty of this execution is but one of ten thousand stains that spot the cloak of royalty in English history. Edward, himself a brave man, must have admired the heroism of his victim, but it is discreditable to the monarch and the man that one who never had sworn fealty to him should be condemned at all for treason, while it covers his name with infamy that that condemnation was en-

forced with barbarity simply monstrous. The monarch hoped, indeed, by such an example to deter the Scots from ever again rebelling against their lord and master; but, as Tytler says: "If Wallace already had been the idol of the people—if they had long regarded him as the only man who had asserted, throughout every change of circumstance, the independence of his country, now that his mutilated limbs were brought before them, it may well be conceived how deep and inextinguish able were their feelings of pity and revenge.

In less than six months after the patriot's sacrifice, Scotland rose in her very despair, and under the leadership of Robert Bruce shook off Edward's detested reign.

The Red Cross:

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland. A STORY OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

> BY GRACE MORTIMER. CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING. CORDELIA had taken advantage of the return to New York of a married lady acquaint-ance of hers, to make her journey thither under more conventional, if less sympathetic protection than that of her new friend, Dr. Herz. To Mrs. Castlemaine, a delicate Southern matron, with more of the English languor and dependence than is characteristic of the brave, self-reliant Northern American lady, Miss Cora Gaylure's explanation that she was unexpectedly sent to the city to meet a friend who had arrived from Europe, was quite sufficient. She was too much engrossed with the tremendous task of transporting herself, her three infants, their nurse, and seventeen trunks in safety to her brown-stone palace on Thirty-fourth street, to occupy her mind with the affairs of her lovely companion; besides which, she felt a secret conviction that the abrupt appearance of Dr. Herz in the railway car at the last minute, and his cool appropriation of the seat facing her and Cora, was entirely owing to her own delicate fascinations, and that it was her duty to reward the dear foolish man for his devotion, by being as attentive to him as she dared without giving him too much encouragement. Consequently, the little group performed the trip in amicable proximity to each other, Mrs. Castlemaine reveling in the deliciously naughty excitement of the supposed illicit intrigue; the infants frequently called forward to enhance the matronly charm of their mamma by being pressed with touching adoration delia sat at her side, pale and serious, sunk in such depths of troublous thought that she was almost unconscious of the few heart-searching glances bestowed upon her snow-drop face by the gracefully agreeable German, whose co versation was directed exclusively to his fair

appropriator. Cordelia was intending to drive at once to the Brunswick Hotel, where she had telegraphed already for rooms. She would spend night there, hoping that the next night she would be under her mother's protection, perhaps flying by night train for some distant city. Mrs. Castlemaine's infatuation however unexpectedly brought about a different arrangement; as follows:

When near the end of the journey, Dr. Herz coolly turned from the fascinating matron to her self-absorbed companion, and placed himself so entirely at her disposal, and with such respectful earnestness, that the fair Helen's eyes were opened rather suddenly to the true state of matters, and, mortified to have made the mistake, and on thorns lest the German should have detected it, she did the one thing in her power to throw dust in his eyes. His desertion of her at the station, for Miss Cora, would have been so uncomfortably palpable, that she resolved to keep the little party together, continuing her attentions to the doctor without a shade of difference, except that her amiability was on Cora's account instead of on

her own. "Go to the Brunswick, indeed! Not one step, my love," she cried; "you shall honor me with a little visit, until your papa and mamma come to the city. No, not one step, I say!" for Cordelia was declining; and Dr.

Herz said shortly: "Mrs. Castlemaine is right; the publicity of the hotel is sure to be unendurable to a lady of your tastes. Remain with your friend unwas signed at Strathorde, Feb. 9th, 1304. In til your mother joins you; I shall visit you, with her permission, when I have effected the commission you have honored me by permitting me to undertake."

And Mrs. Castlemaine had her reward in his chivalrous care of her, the three infants, and the seventeen boxes, all of which he dispatched in comfort and good order by the various necessary conveyances to her home, himself accompanying the party to the door, and shaking hands with the lovely matron most

frankly in parting. Thus poor shrinking Cordelia was saved from the horror of facing the world alone; and as Mrs. Castlemaine was gentle, highbred, and really amiable, she accepted her

kindness with immeasurable thankfulness. of the town be turned toward Stirling to guard the passage of the Forth, taking position | I was never his subject, and never swore society), when Dr. Herz's card was brought by guard the passage of the Forth, taking position | fealty to him. It is true I have slain many | the footman, and presented to Miss Cora.

Changing color nervously, she excused herself to her hostess, and a moment afterward was standing in the magnificent drawing-room before the German, her small, trembling hand between both his, as he looked earnestly down in the clear mirrors of her eyes.

"I have thought of a plan to prepare you for the ordeal," said he, with a kind smile; 'you shall see your mother, yourself unseen, and thus gather strength and heroism for meeting her with the unhappy purpose you have on your mind. I have been unable to obtain an interview with Colonel Valrose; he did not arrive home until seven, and then they dined, and I did not disturb him; I was about to call at eight when he, a lady friend, and your mother, went out for the evening to the Hippodrome. You can see them there safely and easily; will you come?"

Gratefully the anxious girl accepted this thoughtful attention, suggesting however that Mrs. Castlemaine should accompany them, to which Dr. Herz yielded at once.

Consequently, about nine o'clock he might have been seen entering the fairy scene with an elegant lady on one arm, her fine countenance perfectly brilliant with animation in her pleasure at her unexpected good fortune; and on the other, a tall, slight, gliding sylph, completely draped and vailed in clouds of rich black Spanish lace, through which her eyes glittered feverishly, they, and her splendid burnished hair alone lighting up the somber yet exquisitely elegant costume she wore.

And Berthold's purpose?
He had seen Kercheval, he had read him; struck to the soul with an awful dread he had hurried to bring Cordelia on the spot, that she night once more save Colonel Valrose's life.

From the hour when Berthold had watched Kercheval turn finally from the death gulch, with some mysterious purpose flaming in his eyes, he had been haunted with a dim forebod-ing of evil. Compelled by the exigencies of his private schemes to return without delay to the Caves, he had lost sight of him, and his glimpse of him as the colonel and his two companions passed into the Hippodrome, re-vealed in a blinding flash the fatal caprice which had taken possession of him.

Therefore, Cordelia to the rescue As they entered, the orchestra on its distant tand was playing one of Listz' sinister Rhapsodies; the weird, mysterious strains were moan-ing and sighing with throbs of passionate suffering and mocking interpolations of sardonic joy, all adown the leafy, grassy, flower-starred vault, laced and interlaced with its arcs of ewel-tinted lamps; two streams of gorgeously-attired people, with stately step measured to the lofty music, wound round the broad, smooth promenades, one stream going one way, the other the other, so that, as on the Corso at Rome, every man and woman there passed face to face at one point on the course every other man and woman; the air was loaded with a cool, moist, leafy scent, spiced with choice cigars and the odors of the delicate refreshments which waiters were briskly slipping about the little rustic tables with, upheld in pyramidal trays on the palms of the profesional hands, at an altitude that threatened instant destruction, and threatened only. The hoicest hues under the soft, rainbow-tinted ight which gushed from the innumerable arches of gas-jets. The reserved seats, or rather boxes, and the rustic arbors of the upper tiers, glittered and glowed with royal silks, white arms, and scintillating gems, like beds of flowers sparkling with dew-drops. What with the soft crush, the well-bred undertones, varied now and then by a silvery girl-laugh or the deeper tone of some young blood; the drifting sea of faces presenting every feature and exression imaginable; the dark glossy green of the leaf ocean spread as a background, with the vision here and there of a Sabrina or Diana lifting up her perfect form of chilling marble; this notable scene seemed to the beautyloving Cordelia like some fairy phantasmagoria, from which she might awake regretful-

And suddenly came the awakening, came with a shock of indefinable agitation. Passing the waterfall among its glistening pillars of rock, Cordelia felt her arm pressed ighter within that of Dr. Herz, and, glancing ip, saw that his gaze was fastened upon something about the rockery. Looking in that direction, she met the flery gleam of a pair of eyes, the possessor of which was completely oncealed behind a rough column of the rockery, quite beyond the limits open to the public. red was the glitter of these eyes, and so fixed and unwavering, that at first Cordelia uttered a terrified exclamation, supposing them o be the eyes of some wild beast which by accident had escaped its cage and had taken refuge among the stones. Berthold, however, nalted, earnestly endeavoring to make out the creature, and thus Cordelia perceived that it must be a human being; she then saw that the hight of the eyes from the ground was that of a tall man; then the eyes disappeared and only a black shadow lurked behind the pil-

"Some poor wretch who should not be there," said Dr. Herz, with an assumption of indifference, drawing them on again, and Cordelia walked on, wondering at the uneasiness which had taken possession of her, and thinking of the red eyes with a persistency which an loyed and wearied her.

Presently Dr. Herz placed the two ladies in a private arbor, and, excusing himself for a moment, walked rapidly back to the waterfall, and stood in front, waiting, as Cordelia could see, for the vagrant to reveal himself.

The silvery murmur of Mrs. Castlemaine's cheerful chatter fell unheeded on her ears; the fair scene swam with a haze over it before her yes; an inexplicable uneasiness possessed her, and all around was dream-like and unreal that distant figure which waited for the owner of the blazing orbs alone seeming a reality.

ay on the red velvet of the rail in front, and Mrs. Castlemaine's tones raised to a pitch of animated surprise, recalled her to herself. "Do you hear, my dear? Look at that exquisite lady who is trying to make you out!"

A soft gloved hand on her pearly arm as it

he was saying. Cordelia looked where she designated, at one of the benches in the inner circle, near the orchestra-stand; and there she saw her mother. gazing at her, white and motionless, lips apart, hands clenched and pressed upon her heart, and her large blue eyes almost starting from their sockets. In spite of the thick vail which completely shrouded Cordelia's face and figure: in spite of Madeline's belief that her daughter lay under the sands of the Arabian desert; in spite of reason and reality, the mother's eyes had traced a likeness to her darling in the vailed lady, and the mother's heart had risen up in wild craving for one glimpse of the hidden

"She thinks she knows you." said Mrs. Castlemaine, eagerly, "and perhaps she does; eh?" "No-no!" stammered Cordelia, choking;

'she is mistaken." "I think it must be you who are mistaken,

my love," urged the lady; "remove your vail and allow her to see you better; the light can't hurt your eyes for so long." Cordelia's excuse for vailing had been on account of weak eyes caused by a headache. 'No," she said, decisively; and turned her

back upon the eager gazer. How beautiful her mother was! Far, far lovelier than she had ever seen her before; the delicate, silvery-yel-lowish masses of hair which used to harmonize so exactly with the purity and pallor of her charming countenance, had grown perfectly white and glistering like dazzling silver, and these wonderful tresses now framed in wavy masses her small oval face, with its features as sharply cut and as divinely, majestically free from all earthly taint of six or weekness. free from all earthly taint of sin or weakness as those of Hiram Powers' ineffable statue of "Purity," before which the poor flesh-andblood woman who prays for a heart white in God's eye, stands abashed, realizing the un-fathomable depths between her (with all her passionate longings toward the good and the crowding hosts of sins and weaknesses which nullify them) and this type of that which she would be. White-souled as this seemed Madeline, the wronged wife, in the despairing eyes of her daughter—her daughter who had come to rescue her from a situation which God and man equally branded as "shameful"nal;" to rescue her at the risk of the truth leaking out and murdering her with its crushing shame!

'Oh, God!-oh, God! Let her not suffer —the innocent for the guilty! Take her to Thyself rather than let her know!" cried Cordelia's heart, convulsed with loving pain and

Meanwhile, Mrs. Castlemaine rattled on, quite excited over the unknown lady's beauty, elegance and curiosity concerning the vailed Miss Gaylure.

"What a picture she would make with those wonderful orbs, palpitating and scintillatingonly that canvas and pigments never could express light; with her small pure face, and masses of silver hair, (must be her own, no mortal could ever come up to that tint, had he all the wizard-brews of the ancient alchemists in his laboratory,) and her costume, with what consummate skill it is selected to enhance her loveliness without obtruding its costliness upon even the feminine attention! But, who is the gentleman? A military notable, I presume; the other lady I think I know—Miss De Forest, daughter of financier John De Kalb De Forest; immense people. They are somebody, that is evident. And—ma foi! somebody evidently worth knowing. for here comes the brandy-cracker-prince, papa, mamma and all the belles; they stop at the shrine of our incognita, kneeling in humble homage; they are jostled aside by Frank Har-mony and Gelert Magnus, the very biggest art

lions in town; who can they be? Thus the lady ran on, keeping eager watch on the colonel and Madeline, while poor Cordelia sat numb and quivering, wishing the earth would open and swallow her up rather than that she should be the instrument to bring misery and shame upon those so tenderly beloved; and yet, thrilling with an almost irresistible eagerness to rush over to that bench

and throw herself in her parents' arms.

Colonel Valrose and his wife, we remember, had once resided in New York, he being a millionaire, and she as accomplished as she was beautiful; they occupied a prominent position in New York society; but they had been absent from their native land upwards of four years, consequently Mrs. Castlemaine, who had but lately come north, was not acquainted with them.

Cordelia had, four years before, but newly emerged from her boarding-school, and had not been presented to society yet, when she had been taken away by her parents upon the grand tour, so that although she had already recognized many faces in the passing throng which were familiar to her as ancient habituees of the colonel's house, she felt little apprehension of their recognizing her, partly owing to passed upon her, partly because of the universal supposition that she had perished abroad. Besides, her jealously-drawn vail balked all inquisitive glances. She now perceived with tumultuous emotions the homage which society paid her returned parents; every fresh evidence of the respect accorded them by the world showing forth with more ghastly distinctness the horrible nature of the denouement she was there, bound by conscience, to bring

Waiting until the prattle of her companion assured her that the attention of her mother was at last withdrawn in evident disappointment from herself, she stole long hungered looks at Colonel Valrose, the man whose lo she had all her life prayed God to win-the man for whose sake she had been willing to lay down her life in all its bright young bloom.

Even yet, knowing what he was, and how little right he had to his place beside that white-souled woman, her heart went out to him in an agony of love and regret; she recalled his last wild, passionate, self-reproaching whispers as he held her, (for the first and the last time) pressed to his heart, kissing her white smiling lips and tear-filled, adoring eyes, and her breath came faint and gasping. She leaned further and further across the velvet rail, her eyes shining wonderfully through her vail, so that many a passing pair turned to catch again the fiery glitter of those two stars! And suddenly the colonel, compelled by some magnetic power to raise his eyes to hers, stood up, gazed, waxed white as death. Muttering some hasty excuse in the ear of Madeline, and (even then mindful of her) throwing her car riage wrap across the corner of the high-backed rustic bench, in such a way as to hide Cordelia completely from her, he strode straight for ward to the arbor.

As he approached by one path, Herman Berthold came as swiftly by another; and behind Berthold, crouching, head down, and with fleet, stealthy step, came a ghastly creature in fluttering rags.

The German and the colonel met on the space before the arbor, under a screen of foliage, about ten paces from Cordelia, and invisible to Madeline from the intervening throngs and the screen. As Berthold barred his way the band burst into a grand martial Chant Triumphal, drums beating and cymbals clashing, and a hundred men shouting in tune.

Everybody's gaze was riveted upon the orchestra; the group was, to all intents and pur-

In all that exultant tumult Colonel Valrose brought his wild eyes down from the vailed lady to Berthold's, with a fierce query, un heard in the din, wherefore he presumed to block his progress.

Before Berthold could shout his warning in his ear, the miserable Kercheval had leaped upon him with a laugh, so piercing, shrill and mult, and had struck the officer in the face (To be continued-commenced in No. 35...

THE OLD GARDEN.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A garden, a lovely old garden I see,
As I shut my tired eyes in the night;
With its alleys and walks and green groupings of

trees!
As a picture it shines to my sight.
Not the pict re it shone, but neglected and rude;
Its borders all ragged with moss;
Its beds tracts of weeds, and its blossoms run wild
As if run had driven across.

There stood the old pear—a pagoda of green— With fruitage like bells covered o'er; The whole summer sunshine, its dews and its

Mellowed in from the peel to the core.
And there stood the cherry-tree's rich coral gems,
Where the cherry-thieves pecked might and main:
With the boy in the harvest-moon, robbing the

And the mastiff upleaping in vain. And the peach, with its rich, luscious, valvety

globes,
That sensitive child of the sun!
The red down cleft open to show the gold flesh;
And the mounds where the oucumbers run.
The nectarine's smooth, sheeny fruit by their side;
The apricot's pin-speckled rust;
The damson's bright hine; the large, a.__egg-plum;
And the grape's silver, delicate dust!

Yes, the old fruitful garden plot shone a bouquet,
The richest and rarest of bloom!
When the jewel-eyed May came in youthful array
And shed round her gladsome perfume.
In the hot summer nights the dull beetle began,
With its bagpipe, to skim o'er the ground,
Sip the nectar of flowers and honey-dewed plants,
The firefly lighting him round.

Then the glow-worm her green and gold lantern held forth

Where the gooseberry sprawled by the wall; And the fox-fire's pale silver shone out of the black, The lilae stretched wide like a pall. And the pat—that winged mouse—left his beam in

the barn, And wheeled in his pathway askance: While the cricket its shrill, hollow violin scraped For the fairies to come to the dance.

When the sun, to draw water, his ladder let down, The garden expanded its breast; And soon the bright pellets glanced rich on the

rose,
And danced on the hollyhock's crest.
The bumblebee's jacket was spangled with drops,
As he tumbled inside the cupped flower,
And the butterfly's fans found their velvet wet

through In the warm, balmy bliss of the shower.

The old crooked quince in a nook of the fence
Its silver-gold product displayed;
And the currant hung out its red tassels of fruit
Where the sunflower kindled the shade.
What wealth of rich health the syringa poured out
When spring shone again on the scene!
What worlds of sweet violets blue, gold and white,
Awoke in their tuftings of green!

The old garden spot has now vanished away;
A dwelling stands forth in its place;
And a street, hard and stony, runs straight by the

fence,
Where the roses no longer I trace.
Those pictures of bygones! how lovely they look
In the desert and glare of to-day!
They glow like the mirage with blossoms and

That in Eden but flourish and play.

The Gamin Detective;

Willful Will, the Boy Clerk,

A Story of the Centennial City.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC.

CHAPTER X A CONFERENCE.

Mr. LEONARD and the officer were closeted in close conversation. On this occasion the latter was in his ordinary dress. The fact of the loss of the three pieces of cloth was known throughout the store, and there was no need of

"The whole affair is growing more and nore mixed," he said, after listening gravely to Mr. Leonard. "The clue lays somewhere in your own store, but it will take time to get hold of the end of it. The parties are very

rewd."
"I can scarcely imagine any of my young en as being dishonest," said the merchant. "I have trusted them all, time and again."

'And perhaps been robbed for years past, There is an accomplice here, I tell you, of some party of rascals outside. Have you had your books looked over to learn if there have been former robberies of this kind?"

'No, but I will," was the energetic answer. "I can soon find if the sales of goods tally with

We have been able, so far, to get no trace of the Custom House robbers. The only description to be had of them might apply to fifty persons we meet every day. They are not ofessionals; that I am sure of. I know all that set of worthies, and their modes of opera-These are outside hands, but very keen

'And the forged check?" "Was presented by the same person," replied the officer. "The bank teller has no recollection of the party, but the handwriting in the check and in the warehouse entry are the

same. "It is strange-very strange," said Mr. Leonard, abstractedly, as he selected several invoices from a pile of them he had taken from

"I am going to try the suggestion you just made," he said, proceeding to the door.
"Harry!" he called, into the counting-room.

One of the clerks responded, coming into the

"I wish you to take these invoices," said the merchant, "and compare them with the sales of these special goods. They are the first we have had of these styles, and the salesbook should show whether they have all been dis-

"There are none of these left in stock," replied the clerk. "They must all have been The sales must tally with the bills." sold. "Well, examine them, at any rate."
"I will," said Harry, leaving the office. His

tone expressed surprise at this request. We will soon have that matter tested " said Mr. Leonard. "Those are the only goods I can think of which we have lately com-

menced to sell." "It may prove something," said the officer; "but these thieves are very wide-awake. They may confine themselves to regular lines In that case it will not be easy to

trace them now." "If the thief is in my store, I suppose he has considered all those points," said Mr.

Leonard. They were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Wilson.

"Excuse me," he said, coolly. "I did not know you were engaged. I have just been down to see Claxton. 'That will rest," said Mr. Leonard. "Sit

down. We were talking over the mysterious robberv.

'Is there any clue yet?" he asked, earnestly. "Not a shadow," said Mr. Fitler. is only this much very likely: that the thief is

"Can that be possible?" said Wilson, with perfect coolness. "And all here have been so perfect coolness. "And all here have been so fully trusted. I fancy my suspicion of that

boy will prove a just one, in the end."
"I fear it may," replied Mr. Leonard.
"I have not even let you escape in my investigations," said the officer, addressing Mr.

"What do you mean?" asked the latter, hastily, with a slight tinge of color. I mean simply to turn every stone that lies in my way and see what is under it," said the officer, fixing his eyes upon him. "You the officer, fixing his eyes upon him. were one of the parties having access to that safe, and control of the stolen warehouse or-

der. "But I was absent from the city, in Harrisburg," replied Mr. Wilson, a little hotly.
"You men seem to be no respecters of per-

ons," said Mr. Leonard. "It is a wonder you did not try my complicity."

"It would not be the first time," said the officer, dryly. "I have caught a merchant, more than once, at robbing himself. We know no persons, only facts."

"Well, did you trace any guilt to me?" asked Mr. Wilson, smiling.

"I merely wrote to Harrisburg, to inquire if a man named Miles Sartain had died and been buried on certain days named, and if one Augustus Wilson had attended the funeral; that

"You were inquisitive indeed," said Wilson, in a light tone. "I was there."
"Yes. So I have learned You must re-

member, sir, that I know nobody in this matter. If I got you in the vise, I would squeeze you as tightly as the meanest man in the

"I hope to keep out of your vise, then," said Wilson, laughing. "So as the case now stands," said Mr. Leon-

rd, "we have absolutely no clue?" "We have hold of one or two threads only, but there is nothing visible yet at the ends of

"I have been more fortunate, then. I have found some positive evidence. It is not yet fully located, however." How is that?" asked Mr. Fitler, quickly, He was at once full of eager attention, his keen

eves on the speaker's face. "I have traced a piece of the silk into the ossession of a member of my own household. No less a person than my ward, Miss Arling-

"Ha!" cried Mr. Wilson, in deep surprise. 'How in the world did she obtain it? This is

"She had learned my suspicions first, and refused to tell me. There was some one she evidently did not wish to implicate. Remember that I tell you this in confidence. It is to go no further, except as I may direct."

"Then why mention it at all, if you are not ready to make use of it?" asked the officer. "Because I want your suggestions. I will not press her to reveal her secret, but we may

"It is a mighty odd thing. A bit of the silk strayed already into your own house. Was he using it in any way?" "Yes, as a bow.

"Then she didn't fancy there was anything wrong about it. She may have bought it."
"No. She did not buy it." "Is there no other silk of the same pattern

in the city?" There is not." "Very odd that she should make a secret of

"Could she have communicated with any person from the store "asked Wilson.
"With nobody, I think, except the boy,
Will. I sent him out to my house the other

day, and he had an interview with her.' It is just as I thought. Everything points to that boy," said Wilson. 'I thought so myself," said Mr. Leonard.

I expressed my doubts of the boy, and she "Did she admit anything?" asked the officer.

"The boy may be used as a scapegoat. When did you first see the bow?"

"And has the lady been away from home

since the robbery? "She was in the city yesterday."

"Now we are coming to it," said Mr. Fitler, straightening himself up. "Who is there in the city that she would be likely to wish to screen in such a case! What bosom friend mong the ladies, or what particular friend among the gentlemen?"

'Miss Arlington is engaged to be married. The gentleman is in business in the city. But he is above suspicion.'

"What a very poor detective you would make," said Mr. Fitler, impatiently. the theory of our office, sir, that nobody is above suspicion. If any man gets himself in doubt he has got to explain it, that's all. This man may be as innocent as she is. What we want is to trace where he got the silk. Who is he?"

His name is John Elkton. He holds a position in the store of White & Bradley.' They are dry goods operators, too?

"They deal in nearly the same line of goods Ha! and Elkton holds what position?"

"That of their principal salesman. 'What time yesterday was Miss Arlington in the city?"

"In the afternoon." Between what hours?" "I cannot say exactly. Probably from two to five.

"You must find out more definitely. I will ay and learn at what hours yesterday Mr. Elkton was out of the store. We need to establish the fact of an interview.' "I don't think there is much doubt of that.

'I want to have no doubt of it. This matter must be traced from Miss Arlington to somebody that we can handle without gloves "You will find nothing wrong about John Elkton," said Mr. Leonard, decisively. "You may imagine that I knew him well before consenting to this engagement. He is a first-class Had I thought that the silk came from him I would not have spoken of it.

You are sure it was your silk?" 'Positively sure.

Then you would have acted very foolishly. Little headway we would make if we were so tender of people as that. Here is a positive clue, and you would throw it away because you know the man it points to. see it pointing somewhere. If he can put us on another track, well and good. If he cannot, the worse for him.

Mr. Leonard looked as if something had left a bad taste in his mouth. "Can we trust nobody?" he asked. "No. Everybody needs to be tried."

agree with you there," said Wilson. "That is all we can do just now," said the officer. "I would like to take a turn in your cellar. That cloth robbery is the strangest part of the whole business.'

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE CELLAR. Mr. Leonard and his visitor proceeded together to the basement of the establishment. They were followed by Mr. Wilson.

The officer paused on reaching the foot of the stairs, and took a general view of the long "You keep some valuable goods down here?" he asked.

"Not our most valuable. Principally heavy goods. 'Have any of these other cases been exam-

ined? Your visitors may not have confined their attention to the one line of goods." No. They were all broken, and would not show tampering so easily. Had I better have them all examined?"

"That you'll have to settle yourself," said Mr. Fitler, smiling. "It might be best for your peace of mind not to know all you have "I'd rather know the whole truth."

"And I'd like to know," replied the officer, who it is that can carry out bales of goods through keyholes.

was walking now down the room, his reen eyes wandering from side to side, noting every detail. "Do those goods come in that rumpled con-

dition?" he asked, stopping beside a case of light dress goods. "They don't look as smooth as they might, that's a fact," said Wilson, as he partly opened a roll of the stuff. It was somewhat creased

and wrinkled. They had fallen upon a portion of Will's bed, which he had rolled up again rather hast-"I think I will have these few cases recount-

ed," said Mr. Le nard. "They are new goods, and we can easily tell what sales have been made from them. Send Mr. Brown down here, and Will," he called up the stairs. While he was waiting for the appearance of

hese parties, and putting them to work, Mr. Fitler walked on, continuing his investigation. He examined the windows at the end of the room with the greatest care. "These have not been disturbed," he said.

No thief has entered this way.' "How can you tell that?" asked Mr. Wil-"If they had a confederate in the store the windows might have been unfastened on the inside, so they could be easily removed They could have been refastened the next

'It is only two or three nights since the obbery," said the officer. "These windows have not been meddled with these three

"How can you tell that?" asked Wilson, anxiously. "By the cobwebs which you see here acro-

the frame. The windows could not be opened without breaking them.' "I see. But they may have been of yester day's make.

'I should judge they were a month old,' said the officer. "The spiders have abandoned them, you see. Notice, too, that dust has settled on the delicate lines. Dust doesn't get in nere easily.'

"Not very," replied Wilson. "The thieves did not en er by the windows, that's clear," said the officer. "What arrangement have you in front?"

An elevator, to lower goods down." 'Opening on Market street?" And how secured?

"By iron doors, which are locked at night." "That could not safely be used," said the officer, "even if left unlocked. Market street is too public, at any hour of the night, for heavy operations like these. The door at the head of the stairs is always locked at night?"

"I think so. Those are my orders," said Mr. Leonard, joining them. The officer had proceeded to the front of the store and was examining the elevator. 'No chance there," he said.

"But how then did they enter?" asked Mr. Leonard, anxiously. "They must have found some means of access from without." "They must have made entry into the store in some way, and then have worked do an to

"We have examined the doors and windows They do not seem to have been tampered

"I will take a look at them," said the officer. "Who opens the store in the morn-Mr. Brown, the man you see at work, there,

'And closes it at night, I suppose?"

"Does he come and go alone?" There are several leave store together. "He may return. Where does Mr. Brown

live? 'In the upper part of the city. Now don't be throwing out insinuations about this man, Mr. Fitler. I can vouch for his honesty."

This conversation was kept up in a low tone, so as not to reach Mr. Brown's ears. "You are too much inclined to vouch for people's honesty," said the officer, dryly. "We

will never get along if everybody is taken for granted to be honest. 'And we will never get along if we spend our time in following false scents," said Mr. Leonard, a little sharply. "I have had the man in my employment for years, and know

"Does anybody else carry the keys?" "Occasionally. But Brown had them on

the night of the robbery. "It's a mighty odd business," said the of-He walked back past where Mr. Brown and Will were busily engaged counting the goods. Mr. Fitler eyed the man closely. It was Will's old enemy, but they were amicably engaged now. A nervous, quick-motioned, sharp-speak-

ing person, whose worst fault was his temper. I think Brown is all right," was the officer's silent comment, after a long look at the You have a cellar under this?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Wilson. "Devoted to coal, no entrance, except from here."
"We will go down," said the officer.

"It is rather dark there," said Mr. Leonard.
We will need a light. Will, get a lamp, and follow us into the cellar. "All right," said Will, dropping a piece of goods with a thump on the floor. ou through.

They proceeded to the sub-cellar, Will following down the stairs with a lighted lamp. It was a long, dark room, imperfectly lighted by two very narrow windows at the back. In front a coal vault extended under the pavement. This was empty now of coal, and its smiled intelligently to himself.

iron grating fastened down from within. As Mr. Wilson had said, the cellar was half- he muttered. filled with rubbish. Its stone walls had been | that I'll 'tend that meetin' next Monday.

Mr. Fitler's eyes noted everything, as he short time. walked slowly back.

picked up something from the floor.
"Who made those footprints?" he asked, pointing to two very faint indentations in an the end."

musually soft portion of the floor. They all looked down with interest, Will wish I could help it. holding the light close. The shape of a foot could be plainly made out.

"That's a reg'lar Robinson Crusoe find," said Will. "If we was only on a desert island now we might look for Injuns, or sich customers.' "Here we can look for rogues," said the officer. "It is a small foot," he continued,

examining with great care. "About the size of the boy's shoe," said Wilson, looking sharply at Will's feet. "Set your "Oh, you dry up," said Will, angrily. "I

ain't measuring feet now. Maybe I made it. I was down here yesterday. So was more of "No impudence, Will," said Mr. Leonard.

"Can't help it," said Will, deflantly. "Imperdence was born in me, and it will work Can't keep it down."

He turned away with a vexed shrug, and lent. walked toward where something had attracted "Who dropped this?" asked the officer, displaying the object he had picked up.

It was a small copper token, about the size of a nickel cent. 'That's mine," said Will, returning. nissed it and didn't know what come of it." Then you were down here," said Wilson. 'And those are your footprints."

"I didn't say they weren't," said Will, indif-"Then why do you object to measuring?" "'Cause that would look too much as if I was taking my measure for a thief. That's a

nade the steps, 'cause I was down here.' Mr. Fitler was closely examining the renainder of the cellar. "Everything seems right here," he said. "A rat could hardly get into this place. What's

that you have?" he asked, addressing Will. "A bit of paper I found while you was talk-in' here. Picked it up from under that box." It was a strip of writing paper which Will handed the officer, seemingly a fragment of a

The latter examined it by the light of the lamp. It contained a few lines of writing. "It has not been there many days," he said. It is hardly dampened"

the faintly-written correspondence. 'This may be important," he said. "How does it read?" asked Mr. Leonard,

o king curiously over his shoulder. "Read it," said the officer, handing it to with a sharp intonation. "John Elkton is the "There is very little of it left," said Mr. Leonard, perusing it.

- Monday, at sharp 8. Black-eyed Joe's mill the crib. The swag is safe, and samples put out. They are fighting shy. Now's our time to shove, before the scant gets hot.

J. P." 'I didn't ask you to read it aloud,' said Mr.

"Such information had best not get to too many ears."
"Information?" repeated Mr. Leonard. "A riddle, I snould call it.

"It is a riddle with an easy key," said the ficer, dryly." "I wish I knew who Blackofficer, dryly. "I wish I knew who Black-eyed Joe was. I never heard of that gentle-man before. Where did you get this, Will?" "Just under the edge of the dry-goods box

Mr. Fliter examined the spot carefully. scale with his." There were no other suspicious indications. "It is deuced queer," he said, reflectively, for that piece of letter to be down here. I've been of the notion that burglars got into the upper part of your store and worked their way down to the basement. But what did they

a queer case."
"Under the supposition of a confederate in the store, might he not have dropped it by accident when down here on his regular business?" asked Mr. Leonard.

Yes," said the officer, abstractedly He took the paper again, and attentively

"What does it mean? It is all Greek to me," said Mr. Leonard. "It means that an appointment for a meeting of the gentlemen who have been visiting you has been made. The Monday night has passed, or it might be next Monday. The meeting is fixed for Black-eyed Joe's, wherever The swag is safe.' That is your silk, which they are trying to dispose of by samples. 'Fighting shy' simply means that you are keeping the affair quiet, and it is their

plan to sell the goods to some innocent buyer, if they can before the robbery is made pub-

Well, that makes it clearer," said Mr. Leonard. "Another point. I believe this is the same handwriting as we have already been tracing. J. P. may be another clue. Wish I knew who

Black-eyed Joe was.' 'And may not the piece of silk Miss Arlington had be one of these samples?" "Likely enough," said Mr. Fitler, walking toward the stairs.

CHAPTER XII.

A REJECTED SUIT. JENNIE ARLINGTON did not readily recover from the shock which had been given her. Mr. Leonard had not again mentioned the subject of the lost silk, but she imagined that his mind was filled with doubt and suspicion. She was quiet, but he saw and respected her distress. He gave engagement can be quietly broken, and the up the idea that she had obtained the silk from

Mr. Fitler had inquired concerning him, and learned that he had been absent from the empty boxes, and rubbish generally. It has store during the hours that Miss Arlington was deeply at heart that I would run any risk or This seemed to confirm their sus- do any deed to aid you. picions. The inquiry seemed narrowing down. But the mode of operation of the thieves re- so warm a friend in you." mained as mysterious as ever, and Mr. Leonard

retained his confidence in John Elkton's honesty. The detective remarked: samples mentioned in the letter. If he can show where and how he got the silk well and good. If not, the worse for him. If I but knew now who J. P. was, and where to find

Black-eyed Joe, I would sleep easier. Will, who happened to overhear this remark, "Bet what you dare that I find him first."

"Got a notion in my top-knot

floor was rather yielding, as if from damp- alone. Mr. Augustus Wilson occupied a chair near her. They had been conversing for a

ilked slowly back.
"It is a distressing affair to Mr. Leonard,"
Bring the light here," he said, at length, as he said. "This thing of finding himself robthey came near the rear wall. He stooped and picked up something from the floor.

bed of valuable goods on every side, and quite unable to trace the thief, is a source of great annoyance, and may prove ruinous in

"I know it, Mr. Wilson," she replied, "and You may be able to do something to help

it," he said, significantly. "What do you mean?' she exclaimed, with a sudden flashing up. "Simply that Mr. Leonard saw a piece of

the lost silk in your possession. You may, then, have it in your power to put us on the track of these mysterious thieves. "Did Mr. Leonard send you out here to question me about this?"

"No, I came of my own motion." "Then you can return of your own mo-tion. I have no information for you."

"Mr. Leonard seems to think you got it from the boy, Will Somers."

"Does he?" she asked, coldly. Her visitor's sharp glance could detect a nervousness beneath her apparent ease. "Yes. I might have given him a different

idea of the case, but thought it best to keep si-"What view of the case?" she asked, striv-

ing hard to be collected. "I know, Miss Arlington, as well as yourself, that you did not get the silk from the boy size I know, as well as you, where it came from I can appreciate your wish to keep silent, but something is due to Mr. Leonard." You assume to know a great deal," she

said, defiantly, "Not much assumption about it," he coolly replied. "The thing is patent on its face.
All that surprises me is that Mr. Leonard is replied. blind to the fact. John Elkton gave you the silk."

was taking my measure for a thief. That's a game I ain't playing. S'pose I mought have guess," she said, haughtily, her cheek reddening.
"I did not come here to make guesses," he replied. "I made myself sure before coming that he was the man, and also that he is un-

willing or unable to explain his possession of that dangerous article. The affair looks bad for him.' "Did you ask him such questions?" she re-"And get such answers from him?" "I did not speak to him at all. I had other and better means of arriving at the truth. We have to copy the shrewdness of the professional detective in cases like this, Miss Ar-

"I wonder you don't hire yourself out as a His countenance changed as he slowly read to have a talent in that direction. You been to have a talent in that direction. been remarkably successful in finding, or inventing, evidence in this matter." "There is no invention in it," he replied,

> man, and you cannot deny it." "You seem very anxious to have me admit it," she replied, with evident anger. "I would like to know your object, sir, in coming here and questioning me in regard to this busi-

> ness? "It was to serve you I came. I care nothing for John Elkton. I have learned some suspicious facts about him, which seem to point plainly to his connection with the thieves. Duty to Mr. Leonard should have made me tell him these facts. But I know how you feel toward this man, and wished to

> save you from distress by coming here first.' "John Elkton is no thief, as you insinuate," she cried, red with anger. "I would much sooner believe such things of you than of him. I doubt if your honesty would weigh in the

"Facts are stubborn things," he coolly re-"I am not on trial now. He is. I plied. would be sorry to have the evidence against my honesty that there is against his. must excuse me for plain speaking, Miss Arlington. John Elkton was connected with the want down here? This adds a new mystery to theft of that silk, and I have abundant proof

"You have not, and you cannot have," she answered, rising, but leaning heavily upon her chair. "If you came here on purpose to insult me, ' can only say that you have succeeded, and that this interview had better close. If you have any other purpose I would like you to put it in as few words as possible. "I am sorry to have offended you," he replied. "I certainly had no such purpose as

that. I came here to serve, instead of to an-Serve me? In what way? she asked. A pallor had replaced her flush. "By keeping your secret. these proofs against John Elkton. press them. Of course I must aid Mr. Leonard in seeking the other thieves, but if the proofs in my possession are d stroyed Elkton cannot be implicated. It is consideration for your feelings brings me here. I know you

would not wish him to be held as a common

"No, indeed!" she said, clutching the chair, nervously. "I am aware of your relations with him. and how bitterly you would feel any such disgrace, as your betrothal is known to all your riends. Of course your engagement must be broken. You cannot continue tied to a man who is simply an unconvicted felon.

remarks. John Eikton is no felon. He came by the silk honestly and can explain his posssion of it "It is creditable in you to think so," was the quiet rejoinder. "He may have to explain it to the satisfaction of a jury, which will be no easy matter against the proofs I speak of. I care nothing for him, I care much for you, and wish to save you from disgrace.

"You belie him, sir, and insult me by such

cause suppressed. It must have been from somebody near Will. It must have been from somebody near and dear to her. Most probably from John turning a quick glance upon him. "What object have you in this? "Nothing but your good," he replied, in his

slow, steady way. Indeed!" she said. "I did not know I had

'You did know it,' he answered, abruptly. "You trifle with me now. You affect to forget our past intercourse, to forget that I open-"There is one point in his favor, that of the ed the secret of my heart to you on a former

> "Yes, I remember your making a goose of yourself by making love to me when I was but a child," sne replied, with a curl of the lip. "I laughed at you then as I should laugh now at anything ridiculous.

'I loved you then, as I love you now," he said, earnestly. "I torbore to press my claim when your fancy was turned elsewhere. was but a girl's fancy that drew you to whitewashed, but were brown enough now, their mortar eaten with dampness. The earth dow in Mr. Leonard's library. She was not are a woman, and are free. I have a right

lence till it has grown too strong to suppress. Seth headed in that direction. I have a claim on you that gives me the right

offer of silence? I am not for sale, sir."
"You mistake me," he said, earnestly.

would not for the world insult you. I love you. You are, or will be free. May I not of-fer my sincere affection? May I not lay claim to this dear hand! I who have so long loved you in silence and hopelessness.

He attempted to take her hand, which she quickly withdrew. She still leaned upon her chair, with pallid face, and set, compressed

When I am free I will let you know," she said, with a touch of sarcasm. "It would be few feet of the top, he stopped and looked well for you to suppress this sudden passion till then. I do not imagine that you will die already swaying under its load, inclined down young from the pangs of unrequited love. You are as cold and calculating as a mathematician in your love-making. I despise you too much to give a serious answer to such an unmanly and insulting suit."

She walked with a queenly step across the room, toward the door.

"Very well, then," he cried, angrily. "You accept the other alternative. I will at once inform Mr. Leonard and the officers of what I have learned. Before this time to-morrow John Elkton shall be the tenant of a prison, and shall know that you have consigned him

"And do you think " she exclaimed turning on him sharply and suddenly, "that I am such a weak and soulless woman as to desert the "My God! look there!" suddenly burst man I love because he has fallen victim to the from Sure Shot's lips; "it is as I had expectschemes of a villain? Nay, more, that I would ed. sell myself, body and soul, to that villain to save my betrothed? Do your worst, sir. I defy and scorn you. I would rather wed John Elkton in a prison than you in a palace. But had been attached to it by means of a slender to believe that you are a liar and a knave out. I believe that you are a liar and a knave outright. You have no proofs. No man can show a stain on John Elkton's honesty. I shall coursel him to defer you."

cord or rope. The rope had been tied to the victim's feet and then to the tip end of the sapling, which, bending slightly, held him becaused him to defer you."

"Never, sir, never!" she cried, passionately.
"You have put yourself beyond the pale of my consideration by your base effort. I have no further answer to give you, now nor hereafter. This interview has lasted long enough. I

cannot and I will not bear it longer. She turned and swept through the door like an offended queen, without another look at the man who stood there pale and discomfited, bit

ing his lips in impotent anger. (To be continued—commenced in No. 365.)

"OLD LETTERS."

BY ANDREW RYAN.

When roaming o'er a foreign strand
How moistened grows the eye
When lines from some familiar hand
Recall sweet days gone by!
In memory's enchanting sphere
We live again the past,
And meet with those we loved most dear
In days too bright to last.

A letter is a simple thing,

And yet it oft contains
The power to touch the heart's own string
Long dead to kindly strains.
'The like a bark with sails spread wide,
Which Recollection steers
Along fond Fancy's golden tide
To port, in bygone years.

And, as I look, with tear-dimmed gaze

O'er leaves that now are sere;
I see through Retrospection's haze
The hand that penned them near.
Then seems the sun to brighter glow,
Its beams to lingering cast,
As if like me it loved to know
Again the happy past.

SURE SHOT SETH.

The Boy Rifleman:

THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES. AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DA-KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN RACKBACK," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

A WONDERFUL SHOT. SETH and his friends saw that Maggie and agony and yells of savage dismay. Vishnia were suffering with hunger and exhaustion, and at once took measures for their relief. Teddy and Rube were sent out in search of game for food, while the others selected a favorable spot for a camp, and lighted

The maidens being comfortably seated, Seth and Captain Sayton entertained them in a manner calculated to revive their spirits and strengthen their courage. The captain proved a very interesting companion, and after a gene- friends scattered through the surrounding ral epitome of events, he and Vishnia became engaged in a private conversation; and while they were talking over the past few months that had separated them, Seth and Maggie were also engaged in sweet communion. What

Teddy soon came in with a large, fat wild the meat had sharpened the appetite of the maidens, and when it was placed before them they ate with a keen relish. Never did food taste so luscious to the maidens. It seemed rich enough to tempt the palate of a king, or involved the appetite of the maidens. It seemed rich enough to tempt the palate of a king, or involved the appetite of the maidens. It seemed rich enough to tempt the palate of a king, or involved the appetite of the maidens, and braced himself upon the earth as though he were about to be hurled from a giddy hight "Hullo, there, Jim, what's the matter with you?" Seth exclaimed, as he approached the old man. invoke the envy of an epicurean.

Johnson had not returned from his hunt, and of his mind. grave fears for his safety were entertained. It would never do to go away without him, so

they could do nothing but sit down and wait. Suddenly the rapid firing of rifles stung through the woods, and the war-whoop of Indians followed. This told our friends that danger was approaching, and they were at once compelled to flee; for they were afraid that Rube was being pressed and in his axturned Sure Shot.

"Thank the Lord, old friend, we are permitted to meet again, sound and well!" he exclaimed, joyfully.

"It's by the skin of a hair, as Teddy says, that I am here, my dear friend, Justin," returned Sure Shot. that Rube was being pursued, and in his excitement would return to camp instead of leading the fee in some other direction in order to | dy alive, toof' save the maidens.

They embarked in the bateau for the opposite shore, having first destroyed the Indians'

Crossing the river they landed, and entering the woods pursued their way westward, Seth taking the lead. They were now in a vicinity, every foot of which was familiar to the mem-

now to press the love that I have nursed in si- stood, and in hopes of finding it still standing,

When but a short distance from the place to speak of my affection."

"And did you come here to prate of your claims, and call it love-making?" she cried, indred yards in advance of them. The emindred yards in advance of them. "To buy me with your unasked ence was covered with a spare growth of tall, slender saplings, while underneath was a heavy "I growth of brush just tall enough to conceal a his eyes and gazing around him asked: man. The Indians perceptible, however, were "Boys, how's this, now?" climbing into a tall, straight sapling, trimming off all the branches as they ascended

What the mystery does that mean?" asked Captain Sayton

"Devilment, I assure you," answered Seth.
A halt was ordered while they watched the ovements of the foe

There were four Indians climbing the sapng, and when the foremost one was within a

The red-skins all disappeared in the undergrowth, and only the graceful arch of the sapng was visible.

"Heavens, but wees lost a good chance for a shot," lamented Teddy O'Roop.

movement means mischief of some kind." "I am inclined to think there are a number

of Indians in that thicket," Sayton said, "judg-

They all saw the sapling spring back almost to its former position, pulling up with it, between heaven and earth, a human form that

From away off in the woods came the long Sure Shot started, for there was something amiliar in the intonations that droned through

The bark of a fox answered the wolf. Again Seth, and Teddy. too, started and ex-

changed quick, inquiring glances.

"By the blessed Vargin! and I believe the B'y Brigade is near!" Teddy exclaimed. "I know it is, Ted, and that man hanging yonder is none other than our friend, Joy

A cry of distress burst from Vishnia's lips at these words.

"Is there no hopes for him?" she cried.
"But little, Vishnia," answered Seth, "but I shall make an effort. Teddy, lead these folks south toward the old spring and there wait; Gus, give me your rifle, for I find it is a trusty nice."

Teddy led the captain and maidens away to ward the spring while Seth, Ches, and Gus remained where they were.

The savages on the knoll had now become obsterous in their inhuman treatment of the old borderman; and were hurling stones, clubs, and even tomahawks through the air at the

"Now, boys," said Seth, "I shall try my skill as a rifleman in behalf of old Jim." 'You don't mean to slay him, do you?' asked Pagan.

Seth made no answer, but raising the rifle—a trusty Sharp's—he leveled it toward the knoll, ran his eye along the barrel, and pressed the

Simultaneous with the report, old Joyful Jim was seen to drop to the earth like a stone; while the sapling whipped the air, as, re lieved of its load, it sprung back to its perpencemplete. I had a smatterin' taste of love

"I did it, as I live!—cut the rope that suspended him!" exclaimed Seth, highly elated at his wonderful exploit in marksmanship. Before any report could be had from the knoll, the discharge of firearms to the north, and down the western side of the eminence,

startled the woods with a thousand reverbera-"Thank God, the Brigade is near!" exclaimed Seth, as down along the forest halls sounded those peculiar cries of his different followers, while over from the knoll came groans of

CHAPTER XLIII.

A GRAND REUNION AND GOOD-BY. DUSKY forms were seen darting rapidly along the ridge, evidently fleeing from the deadly aim of their invincible foe.

Seth and his two companions hurried across to the knoll to look after old Jim, having first announced his presence by a signal to his

The trio soon reached the scene of tragedy,

passed between them we will not attempt to record; but that the result was one of infinite pleasure and delight was evident from the rapleasure and delight was evident from the rappearance of the solution of the result was one of infinite agonies of death; and in their midst sat old Joyful Jim, with a serio-comical expression upon his face that would have provoked a smile than the solution of th looking around him like one bewildered, while turkey, which was at once dressed and roasted in true hunter style. The savory smell of grass, and braced himself upon the earth as

Jim started and gazed wildly about him; then Seth discovered that he had been par-After their meal preparations for departure then Seth discovered that he had been parwere at once made; but up to this time Rube tially stunned by his fall, and that he was out

Suddenly one of the Boy Brigade came bounding into the thicket and seized Seth by

"Teddy?" exclaimed Justin Gray; "is Ted-

Yes, and with Maggie and Vishnia near

this point."
"Seth, can this all be true?" "It is a solemn fact.

Justin uttered a shout of joy. And now, one by one, the Brigade came up, hailing the presence of their young leader with deafening shouts of joy.

bers of the Boy Brigade. Not over a mile from there was the valley in which their cabin gan, the known companions of Ivan Le Clercq, Ulm.

caused the Brigade no little surprise; but Seth briefly explained their attitude toward them, and received the best wishes and congratulations of the boys for the change they had made in their conduct

Meanwhile, old Jim sat muttering incoherently to himself, but finally he started up with an exclamation and an odd oath, and rubbing

An explanation was not necessary, for in a oment more Jim's mind was clear, and risng to his feet he gave the Indian lying before him a startled glance, then advanced and greet-ed Seth with a shake of the hand and a hearty, od-natured laugh. "Strikes me you were in a predicament. Jim," said Sure Shot, smiling.

"Wal, I reckon as what I had a teter in the clouds, and if the string hadn't 'a' broke, I reck-on them superbumfusticated vampires 'd 'a' already swaying under its load, inclined down the hill, and the moment the warrior looked down, it seemed a signal for the red-skins all to throw themselves on one side, which they did, when the sapling bent gracefully over until its top touched the earth.

The red-skins all disappeared in the underness of the bony structures of my cerebellum that kept me from squashin'. But Seth—Shure Shot—friend March, I am monsterously dee-"We may have a chance yet, Ted," return-ed Seth, "for I'm of the opinion that that seein' he didn't, I will be safe in sayin' he'll had got the dead wood on you this time; but never—no never, bother us again."

"Why not?" asked Seth. "Owing to the attraction of gravitation, inrented by that great, good and jolly old phi-ossofer, Sir Isaker Newton, he came to his

death, and-"What? do you mean to say Hawk-Eyes has

been killed?" been killed:

"Ya-as; as I war goin' to observe," said
Jim, with a gesture, "by means of that invention of old Ike's, I war forced downward to'rds the chief's head and broke his ongrateful neck, counsel him to defy you."

"You have defied me; that is enough," he said, with a gloomy and resolute air. "But it is passion only that speaks in you. You will it is passion only that speaks in you. You will and struggling in all the activity of life.

The maidens turned their faces to avert the body, which had lain face downward, was turned, all looked upon the face of Ivan Le Clercq, now cold and expressionless in the icy

rasp of death Young Stewart and Pagan were deeply affected by sight of the dead face of him who had once been their companion and leader. They shuddered as they thought of their own narrow escape from the sin which had ended the life of Ivan; and they thanked Heaven for the moral courage that enabled them to overcome their fears and turn into the path of right and honor. And, too, the face of poor Abe Thorne rose before them, and tears of grief and sorrow filled their eyes when they thought of his poor, childless mother, who would watch in vain for his coming. But they knew not that, at that very moment, Abe's mother lay silent in death—a victim to savage vengeance, while her spirit had gone to meet that of her boy in the great Unknown. Old Neptune and Mr. Harris soon joined the

party; and when the presence of Seth was discovered, a scene of great excitement ensued Eager to receive some tidings of their daugh ters, they plied him with a dozen questions be-fore he could answer one. But when he broke to them the glad news that both were safe, they wept with joy; and between shaking each other's hand, they wrung that of Sure Shot Seth, and acted, for all the world, like two frantic schoolboys.

Sure Shot finally led the party to where Teddy and Captain Sayton, with the maidens were in waiting. Then ensued another scene of joyful reunion of fathers and daughters,

omrades and friends. "Gosh a'mighty!" exclaimed old Jim, looking on with delight, "it's better'n a campmeetin'; and dog my cats if I don't wish I had has doubled itself. Whence come all these onct; but the dratted critter I sweetened on got mad at me and we parted forever. She got mad 'bout nothin', too—jist because I told her she hadn't ort to make a corn-patch of her feet by crowdin' them into number-eight boots and then undertake to kick a fractious cow into submission. But it war all for the best She married another feller, and now dishes up corn-pone to a cross husband and fifteen children. What parental responsibilities I escaped! Humph! killin' b'ars, bu'stin' Ingins, and gravi-

tation are nowhar." "I see," said Gus Stewart, "that you are still ignorant of the fact that Sure Shot Seth cut the rope that suspended you in mid-air with a bullet at the distance of nearly two

hundred yards." "You don't tell me!"

"I do; and for a fact. "I've no more to say bout gravitation and the superbumfustic force with which I drapped onto the cerebellum of that Hawk-Eyes imp!"

and that delay was dangerous From Captain Sayton they learned that the settlers of the Yellow Medicine Agency, or those that had escaped the Indian tomahawk, had fled south and taken refuge at Fort Ridge ly; and as this was the nearest point of safety,

our friends at once set out for that place. Shortly after their departure the party were overtaken by Rube Johnson, who had been in considerable trouble with the Indians, from the soberest judge on earth. He was His coming left no one behind, and so the party all moved on more cheerfully.

sojourn in the wilds of the North-west had, in the end, been full of great peril and suffering, he did not regret that he had come, for he had been restored to his wonted health and

With the cloud that had once seemed gathering over his powerful brain went all his eccentric notions of submarine navigation; though to have followed up what he had accomplished at Lake Luster might have led to a success and fame equal to that of George Stephenson and Robert Fulton.

Upon one other point the Boy Brigade was enlightened; and that was the queer and ever suspicious manner in which Joyful Jim de ported himself while around Lake Luster. The fact is, old Jim was in the employ of Neptune as a scout, and secrecy being enjoined upon him, of course he kept it to himself. So was his voice that Justin Gray and Hooseah the Indian, heard on the water the night they swam out to Sure Shot's relief; for it was Jim and Neptune that released him from the log.

Although greatly harassed by the savages our friends finally reached Fort Ridgely which they found closely beleagured by the enemy; but, assailed by the indomitable Boy Brigade, the savages were compelled to raise the siege, withdrawing in the direction of New

Old Neptune and his daughter soon returned to their old home, where, a few years later—
when the war had ended—Captain Sayton
claimed the hand of the fair Vishnia in the

A few Advertisements will be inserted on
this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement. onds of wedlock.

Mr. Harris took his daughter south, beyond all dangers of Indian invasion, where, in com-pany with her friend, Emma Milbank, and the other women of the Yellow Medicine Agency, she spent the summer, while he went back to fight under the banner of her lover, Sure Shot

The Boy Brigade rendered inestimable service during the terrible Minnesota war, and although it was in many hard-fought battles, and lost some of its members, its gallant young leader, Sure Shot Seth, passed through the hottest of all unscathed, to fall meekly into the ranks of married men, and become one of the most devoted of husbands to one of the most devoted and charming of wives-Maggie Har-

THE END.

A new romance by Oll Coomes will soon be given—a story of the Michigan woods, in which Lumbermen, Bee-hunters, Counterfeiters, Indians and Renegades are the inspiring that kept me from squashin'. But Seth—Shure Shot—friend March, I am monsterously deelighted to see you among us once more. I war afraid that young hashint of a Hawk-Eyes had got the dead wood on you this time. But Seth—Shure shows a most novel and exciting drama—fresh, vigorous and highly flavored of the backwoods only a generation ago, when "the backwoods only a gen with odd character, singular incident, strange adventure and a mystery that adds a double charm to the eventful story. So look out for and expect a "big thing" in THE DEMON MARKSMAN; OB, THE YOUNG RIFLES OF

> EXTINCTION OF THE ELEPHANT.—Somewhere in the marvelous yarn which Sinbad the Sailor contrived to spin for the benefit of the all-pussant Haroun Alraschid and Giaffir, his Vizier is an account of the birthplace of the elephants Sinbad, surrounded by the monstrous brutes has scaled a tree, in which he is besieged for seven days and seven nights. On the eighth day an old bull, the "rogue" of the herd, rends the tree by the roots, and Sinbad, falling headlong to the ground, judges it the safest course to feign death. The elephant, disdaining to wreak his rage upon a lifeless enemy picks the old sailor up, and quietly carries him to the great burial place of the tribe—a high hill some miles in circuit, surrounded by imenetrable forests, and thickly covered with the bones and tusks of generation after generation of "the brute which bears between its eyes the serpent for a hand." Sinbad, with asiderable prudence, continues to counter feit death until not an elephant is in sight, and then, with an alacrity equally commendable. loads a raft with picked tusks, makes his way with them to Bagdad, and so finds himself once again a rich man. Modern research has gone far to rehabilitate the credit of Sinbad the far to renablitate the credit of sinoad the Sailor, says the London Daily Telegraph in rehearsing this narrative. We now know that the long narrative of his seven voyages is no idle fairy tale, but that it embodies the enuine tradition of old navigators such as Hanno, and that its main facts are substan

anno, and that its main laces are substantially correct.

The Valley of Diamonds actually exists in S55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. \$10 Outfit Free.

389-1yr. Ceylon; the great rukh once built its nest in Madagascar, and flapped his monstrous wings to and fro between the island and the mainland; and there is good ground to believe that the tale of the great burial-place of the elephant race is no mere fable, but that high up in the table-land of Central Africa, on the further side of Tanganyika, in districts where the white man's foot has never yet trod, ivory is o be found as plentifully as in the fossil beds of Siberia, whence are dug up the huge mammoth tusks that furnish nine-tenths of the raw material, operated upon by our London ivory turners. Indeed, it would almost seem as if the energy of the Zanzibar merchants had at or a—a sweetheart to embrace. If I has doubled itself. Which to sinbad been actually discovered, and do the chiefs whose huts cluster round Tanganyika, and under the shadow of the Mountains of the Moon, know of a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground, where ivory can be picked up as in Siberia it can be dug up by the ton; or does each pair of tusks represent a slaughtered elephant; and is a war of extermination being waged, the ultimate effect of which must be to render the huge brute as extinct as the dinornis itself?

> Nobody knows to this day what a time Noah had of it in the ark with the antediluvian ancestor of the present Kentucky mule.

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A NEW YEAR'S CIFT TO EVERY READER

A WARM MEAL.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I took her to the table when The hour came to eat; We were at opposites that day, So she took an opposite seat.

"Dear madam," said I to my wife, And in a manner cross,
"Cannot I help you to some fish?"
"Yes," said she, "without saud

I passed the mustard, too, and there Was pepper in her tones, She took the chicken over which The madam made no bones.

I passed the bread, and that she took In quite a biting way,
And used her jaw as much on me
As on the meat that day.

Said I, "Don't drink your tea so hot."
She answered with much grace:
"Be careful, though it burn my mouth
It yet may scald your face."

Said I, "Your voice is generally As tender as a bird's, But drinking tea so hot I find Doth make you use hot words.

And then I added, "Pass the beans." She answered my commands, And then beside the beans gave me An awful, awful glance.

She asked me for the sugar, and I said the bowl though full Held not enough to sweeten her, And she longed my hair to pull.

She asked me for the vinegar,
My brows began to lower;
I said, "You're needing none of that
Since you're so very sour."

She seemed to look so hungry, and So fast she'd eat and sup, I thought instead of victuals she Would like to eat me up.

I passed the salt, and whispered then "That article might be Good to cure shoulders with, but not The cold one you gave me."

I passed the jelly, and I thought As true as sacred writ, That by her looks she'd much prefer To beat me into it.

I meekly passed the mutton, which She took not as a lamb; I passed the bread. She wished that I Was better bred than I am.

And her potatoes she did mash In manner wild to see, And every time she cut her bread The madam she cut me.

We left the table. In two hours Her madness grew much less, She hinted, with a world of smiles. She wanted a new dress!

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR, THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ, OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

WE are now coming to the happiest time of Custer's life. At first it was pretty hard for him, of course, to come down from being a general to a simple captain, but that did not last long. In 1866 Congress determined to add some more regiments to the regular army, and as Custer was the best cavalry officer in the country, the President offered to give him the command of one of these regiments, called the Seventh Cavalry. He was not made a full colonel, though. There were so many old officers, who had been generals of the volunteers before Custer was made one, that it was difficult to find places for all of them, and as it was, all the lazy fellows who had done little to deserve success were furiously jealous of Custer. one of the old gentlemen, called General A. J. Smith, was made colonel of the Seventh, while Custer, who was made lieutenant-colonel, the next officer in a regiment, had the full command of the men, for Smith was too old to be able to get out.

Custer found himself, therefore, in the end of 1866, once more ordered on active service, for which he was very glad. Like all honest men he hated to lead a lazy, useless life, and draw pay from the Government without doing anything for it. A great many worthles en, who have friends in Congress, get into the regular army every year, with no other object than to lead just such a lazy life, but all such men Custer heartily despised, as other brave, honest men do. In time of peace it is nothing to be proud of, to be an army officer, unless there is something useful to do, and some one to protect from harm. Custer knew that there was only one place left where the army was really useful, and that was out on the plains, to protect the frontier settlers from the robberies and murders of the Indian war parties. Very glad was he then, when he was sent out to Fort Riley, in Kansas, to take charge of the Seventh Cavalry.

At the time he went out, the engineers were building the Kansas Pacific Railroad, which now carries passengers from New York to San Francisco in one week. But when Custer came to Fort Riley, in the winter of 1866, very little progress had been made in the road. It had been started, in those days, from both ends of the line; and there remained, between the California terminus and that at Fort Riley, a gap of more than a thousand miles, over which the Indians roamed as they pleased. That was ten years ago, remember, and a good many things can

Fort Riley, where the eastern end of the Kansas road terminated, was the post to which Custer was assigned, and where the officers of his new regiment began to flock in. The reader must not imagine from the name "fort," great frowning stone walls and guns, such as we call a fort in the East. Fort Riley was nothing but a square inclosure surrounded with low barracks where the soldiers lodged. Near it was the railway station, and a number of low groggeries and boarding-houses, where the railway laborers lived. To get the money out of these poor fellows and the soldiers, the whole of the little town swarmed with gamblers, thieves, and loose characters of all sorts, men and women. Inside the fort itself, the place being guarded by sentries, things were quiet, the bad characters not being allowed there, but in the town and round the station, Fort Riley was a little hell upon earth. It is a strange thing, and shows what a curse money may sometimes be, that this state of society followed the Pacific Railroad as it was built, steadily tracking it from station to station as it advanced, always having gamblers and thieves

after the money paid to the laborers.

Here Custer and his wife were obliged to stay all the winter, he drilling his men and seeing to the discipline of his new officers, till in the spring of 1867 a grand expedition was determined by the month of April, from Fort Riley, Custer commanding the cavalry.

The winter was over, but the spring was very late, indeed. The column was headed south-west, toward the Arkansas river, ed with the head sent her.

his new Seventh Cavalry, was ordered to leave the fort and join General Hancock, the commander of all that country, at another fort called Harker, ninety miles west. Fort Harker was on the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas river, right in the center of the State of Kansas. If you have a large late map of that State, you can follow Chatar's campaigns here. State, you can follow Custer's campaigns hereafter, as I tell the story.

You may ask what the Indians had been doing to make this expedition necessary. The fact was, the Indians knew well enough that, by the time the railroad was finished, their good days on the plains would be all over. Not being strong enough to prevent the white men from working, they contented themselves by killing every man, woman, and child they could catch away from help, and annoying the

stage-roads in particular.

Between the two ends of the Pacific Railroad, in those days, there ran a line of stage-coaches along the Smoky Hill Fork, out to Colorade. On this stage-road the railway was afterward built, but, till it was laid, the Indians could come down on the road to rob whenever they pleased, unless the coaches were strongly guarded with soldiers. Every now and then they would do so, and then gallop away, after killing a dozen passengers. You may ask why killing a dozen passengers. You may ask why the soldiers at the forts did not follow them. So they did, but the Indians never attacked unless the soldiers were a long way off, and before they could be followed they were out of sight, when it was useless for the soldiers to

But all the while that the Indian war parties were doing this, the tribes were pretending to be at perfect peace with the white men. All the winter of 1866 Indians used to come into the forts and Indian agencies, to get blankets and beef from the Government. Perhaps some people may not understand what I mean by this, or how the Indians had any such right, so I will try to explain in as few words as I

We know all America once belonged to the Indians. Bit by bit, first one tribe and then another, sold their lands to the white men, or had them taken away, beginning up in the State of Massachusetts, and so on out to Cal-Some white men, like William Penn,

ordered against the Indians, and Custer, with where the Cheyennes had their camp, when

that Custer's regiment would lose all its horses. The only way they kept the poor creatures from lying down and dying, was to have a man walking up and down the line all night long, with a great whip, making the horses move about. This fearful cold only lasted one move about. This fearrul cold only and night, but Custer never forgot it. Two or three days after they came to fine weather and three days after they came to fine weather and fairy dress, and pearls—was Iris Clifton, with her sea-shell-pink and rose-petal-cream com-

his life, saw an Indian tribe ready for war.

The expedition suddenly came on the Indian camp, and all the warriors had come out to protect their women and children, for they fancied the soldiers had come to kill them all.

Such, however, were not Hancock's orders. In those days the Government was just starting what is called the "Peace Policy," and the soldiers were ordered not to hurt the Indians if it could possibly be avoided. Hancock called a halt, and so did the Indians; and a

council took place. General Hancock rode out, and Custer went with him, along with a number of staff officers, while on the other side out came Pawnee Killer, Little Bull and Big Bull (and who knows what other kind of Bulls and Bears?), to have a talk with the white chief.

Custer was very much struck with the appearance of these Indian chiefs, and they seemed to have been equally taken with his looks. He wore his long curls still, but he had dropped all his old velvet and gold. Instead of this, he all his old velvet and gold. Instead of this, he now wore a white deerskin hunting shirt, with its fringed cape and sleeves, while a broad white hat crowned his head, and his lower limbs were covered with blue trowsers and high boots. He wore a sword, had two handof health and courage, that they named him at sent home from the dressmaker's.

Iris Clifton's Pearls.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It was no wonder she wanted the pearl-necklace, with cross pendant and earrings, when she saw the party dress come home-a misty foamy toilet of snowy Swiss, all billowy with thread-lace-edged ruffles, with lustrous silken bodice laced with thick silken cord, with such exquisite elbow-sleeves looped with lilies of the valley and clematis sprays.

plexion, with her luxurious pale-gold hair, that grew in ripples from her low fair forehead way down to her slender, shapely waist, with her bright blue eyes that were overflowing with mirth and girlish joyousness.

She was a dainty little armful—at least so Harry St. Cyr thought, and he certainly should know, seeing that she had been his betrothed for six months—"sweet as a peach," he swore, and altogether acknowledged to be the prettiest little lady far or near. And the happiest, she told herself over and over, Why should she not have been the happiest when Harry St. Cyr loved her and she was going to be his wife? When before her was such a prospect of com-fort and luxury in the beautiful home to which Harry would take her-not more pleasant or comfortable than her own dear home where she ruled her loving little widowed mother with a sweet tyranny, but where there would be more of those costly elegancies which Iris' feminine soul constantly yearned for.

Harry St. Cyr would keep horses and carriages; she was to have her real silver, her corps of servants, her big house; of course there would be jewels and elegant wardrobes, summers at fashionable resorts and boxes at

the theater and opera. some revolvers in his holsters, and generally carried a light sporting rifle. The Indians were so much struck with his appearance, as this particular moment, was absorbed in the he sat on his thoroughbred horse, the picture | delightful contemplation of her new dress just

once the "Big Yellow Chief."

On his part, Custer admired the looks of the Indians very much. Every chief was stripped to the waist. They wore silver bracelets on Oh, mamma, won't I look splendidly? Harry

somest diamonds in New York and never feel But never mind—I'll have the pearls, and

when they see me—"
She laughed such a joyous little melody, and Mrs. Clifton knew, from long experience, there would be no use thwarting the goldenhaired, blue-eyed little mogul.

The reception at Mrs. Christie's was a grand uccess, and Iris Clifton had the exquisite satisfaction of knowing she was considered the prettiest, most tastefully-dressed lady in the room. Her cheeks were flushed to the soft tint of a sea-shell, and her eyes were bluer than sapphires, and full of a warm, eager, tri-umphant delight. The cunning little dimple in her cheek was called into existence often, and her low, merry laugh was positive music to ennuyed society ears.

She certainly was passing fair in her misty toilet of snow-white Swiss that trailed in soft billows after her small, graceful figure; and the plain silken bodice, without trimming, showed to perfection the faultless beauty of her form. Pale green feathery sprays of clematis were carelessly, charmingly wreathed over her skirt, and fragrant clusters of drooping lilies of the valley nestling among the green, speckless. And the pearls, large, and lying against her fair throat like cool drops of crystallized milk, clasping her beautiful round arm, and

hanging from her pretty little pink-white ears.

They certainly became her wonderfully, and she knew she was passing fair in them, that she wore them as no other woman in the rooms would have dared worn them.

Harry St. Cyr had not seen them until he had met her in the reception-room, for at her home she had been covered—perhaps purposely—with her opera cloak. And of course he had no opportunity to say a word of his surprise there and then.

And old, crusty Mr. St. Cyr had seen them and stood a moment as if in surprise, and then gave a little unintelligible grunt, and paid no

more attention to them.
Until they three—Iris and Harry and the old gentleman—were in the St. Cyr coach, on their way home, and then Mr. St. Cyr took a large Russia case from his pocket and laid it

carefully on his knee. "I'm quite disappointed to think I shall have to get Tiffany's people to take these back. I got 'em for a little anti-wedding present for you, Iris, but of course you don't want two sets of pearls!

And he sprung open the lid, revealing the most exquisite suit of pearls Iris' critical eyes had ever seen—larger, fuller, handsomer every way than the ones she had on, that had seemed

perfection until she saw these.

"Oh, Mr. St. Cyr! What beauties, what perfect beauties! I—" And then the shame of it all came flooding over her, and by the flare of the carriage lamp Harry saw the scarlet tide ways over her and be saved.

let tide surge over her face.
"I must say I'm quite disappeinted, but I'm glad you have your heart's desire, Iris. You become pearls—don't she, Harry?"

And there Iris sat, not knowing whether to

confess and be despised, or say nothing and lose the pearls, while Harry's face expressed his astonishment, and she imagined she saw the red gentleman's eyes twinkle maliciously.

"No—I won't take 'em back, either. I'll give 'em to Scorsly's girl—she's to be married I'll make her the present of 'em, seeing that Iris is so fortunate as not to need 'em. Hold on, Harry; here's my hotel! Good-night, both o' you!" And the instant the door slammed on the old gentleman carrying the precious treasure, Iris burst into tears, and sobbed out the whole shameful story, while Harry listened,

with mingled pity and anger.
"I never would have thought it of you, Iris—my Iris, hiring pearls! I can forgive you"—but his voice was stern as she never nad heard it-"but my grandfather never

And he never did. And Iris St. Cyr never has had her pearls, and never will; for, although her husband is rich, he is hardly rich

nough for such extrava But the mortification of only having been

een with the ornaments on once, has cured iris of her inordinate passion for them. But it was a bitter and an expensive lesson

Ripples.

A woman in Detroit tried to kill herself, and the reason that she gave was that she "got mad at the world" because it gave her nothing

A young lady of Corinth, Miss., has the photographs of seven rejected suitors hanging on the wall, and she wants an eighth so as to make a nice group.

The two hottest days ever known in Australia were the 15th and 16th of January, when the thermometer registered 105 degrees in the shade in Melbourne.

An Oshkosh lady, who was reading to some friends, encountered the words, "Nibelungelied tetalogy," and cautiously removed her teeth before attempting to pronounce them.

The spring style of vests will be so short and the trowsers will be cut so high in the neck, that our best young men will be able to button their collars directly on their waistbands.

One evening at the opera in Dublin a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing in front of him if he was aware that he was opaque. The other denied the allegation, and said that he was O'Brien.

The Japanese toilet-mirror allows a woman to see all sides of her head at once; but what is needed in this country is a mirror which will deceive her into thinking that a last year's bonnet is one of the latest style.

An exchange says that the Welsh language ontains only eighteen thousand words, but after you have tried to pronounce four or five of the easiest and shortest you will wonder

how a Welshman ever keeps his feet while talking. A Milwaukee editor writes in this melan-choly strain: "We didn't want our wife to go to the auction, and so we hid her shoes to keep

her at home; having occasion to go out an hour afterward, we looked for our boots, but they weren't there; neither was our wife. It isn't any use.' Somebody praised a kind of cake Jones

brought down to his office. He was asked for the recipe for building the cake, and next day appeared with the following, which he had taken down in short-hand from his wife's dictation, after dinner: "Seven cups of molasses, three pinches of flour, two heaping quarts of salaratus, a pint of sugar, two pounds of milk, fruit to suit taste; stir well and boil over a been so ungenerous I would not have had to do it. Mamma, Harry's perfectly mortified because Mr. St. Cyr doesn't make me a handsome said it didn't sound just right, but that was



General Hancock rode out, and Custer went with him, along with a number of staff officers.

Blackfeet, but these tribes are almost extinct The Sioux roamed over Kansas, Nebraska, and Montana, in 1867, up to the British line, the Cheyennes had Kansas and Colorado, and the Arapahoes stretched down through indian Territory to Texas, where they were met by the Comanches and Kiowas. The Sioux are the Northern Indians, the Cheyennes the Western, and the Comanches and Arapahoes are South-western. It was principally the Cheyennes that were in trouble in 1866. the summer before Custer's arrival, they had been plundering the stage-roads, murdering passengers, attacking the stations, and keeping

Beyond the Mississippi, the Government, being anxious to keep peace with the Indian tribes, has at various times made treaties with them, by which it has agreed to pay them for their lands, so much a year, in blankets and food, if the Indians will only keep on certain lands reserved for them in the Indian Territory, and hence called "Reservations." The whole of the Indian Territory is marked off thus in reservations for the different tribes; and whenever they choose to come to them they find a store there, and an "Indian Agent," as he is called—a Government officer—to issue blankets and cattle. The Indians are told that if they stay on the reservations, the Great Father—as they call the President-will take care of them, but that if they go off, he will send soldiers after them to punish them.

But the Indians were altogether too smart for the agents. They used to come in and get their beef and blankets, and buy rifles from the agents, one day; while the next they were off killing peaceable farmers and travelers. This sort of thing lasted all the summer, while there was plenty of grass for their ponies, and in the winter they used to come in, and remain quiet and peaceable, to all seeming, or else go off and hide in the mountain valleys till

It was determined, in 1867, that the Government should try and break up this system, by making the Indians come in on their proper reservations. So General Hancock started out with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in

held by several great tribes, called the Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes. Thirty years ago there were also Pawnees, Arickarees and then fell down the back, as far as the horse's

But Iris shook her pretty head defiantly. croup. The chiefs wore scarlet or buckskin leggings, fringed with horse hair, and some had the fringe made of human hair, from the scalps of white people. Every man bore a lance, bow and quiver, and a rifle, generally a repeater, and all had revolvers in their belts, ne one, some as many as four or five. They rode the spirited little Indian ponies, speckled and spotted with all sorts of colors, full of life and spirit. These horses had feathers stuck into the headstalls of their bridles or knotted into their manes, while every one had a scalp, with long black hair, hanging from his bit under his chin. Every one was saddled with the light Comanche saddle, which all the Indians now use, and most had scarlet saddle blankets.

Such wild, picturesque, daredevil warriors you never saw, and it seemed for some time as if it were impossible to stave off a fight for long. However, the chiefs who came forward were peaceably disposed, and it was finally agreed that the soldiers should advance and encamp near the Indians, promising to do them no harm. It was General Hancock's object to antly. get the chiefs to come to council, and then to induce them to bring in the squaws and children to their reservation. audacity.

The Indians promised everything very fairly and sweetly, and then the column moved on. They expected to find the Indian camp just over the next swell, but it turned out that the Cheyennes had fooled them, for it was ten miles off. As they advanced, all the Cheyenne braves rode away before them, along with a good many warriors on foot. The soldiers marched their best, the cavalry actually trotted all the way, and so did the battery, while the Indians did not seem to be making much haste. All the same, though, the soldiers found the Cheyennes leaving them fast behind, so that, long before they got to the village, not an Indian was in sight.

Then at last they saw the village, an assemblage of some three hundred white lodges, pitched in a beautiful green grassy hollow, surrounded with trees, with a little stream running by it, and Custer was in sight of his

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

HERODIAS was not a Fenian; and yet, suggests the Burlington Hawkeye, she was delight-

There's no use your not wanting me to say Harry's grandpa is a cross old thing. He iscross and ugly and-oh, mamma, fearfully stingy. Harry knows I am half-dying for a suit of pearls, and hinted to old Mr. St. Cyr that he ought to make me a handsome present, and he never said a word! And now, when I see this lovely dress, I am just dying for pearls to wear with it to Mrs. Christie's reception!" "The lovely lilies and the clematis are enough, dear. Be content a little longer and

then you will doubtless have pearls." Iris pouted her lovely coral lips. But, I never can bear to wait for anything, mamma! And-I won't wear dress-I won't go to Mrs. Christie's unless I

can wear pearls, now!" And a decided, defiant little nod of the golden head accompanied tris' startling determina-"Child! How you talk! You know it is as

impossible for you to have pearls as-well, as The sweet lips were compressed, still defi-'Mamma-I'll hire them!"

Mrs. Clifton gave a little gasp at the girl's

"Hire them! Oh, Iris, you surely never would descend so low as to wear fluery you hired! Borrowing is bad enough, but to hire jewelry—Iris, you could not do anything so mean, so far beneath your dignity.

The blue eyes sparkled as Iris listened and

"That is all perfect nonsense, mamma! Better people—richer people, I mean—than we, do such things. Why is it any worse than hiring silver and palming it off as wedding presents, as you know the Ethereges did when Nita was married? It won't hurt me a bit mamma, not a bit, and when you see how love ly I look in them you'll be glad.

But Harry, Iris! What will Harry think? He knows I cannot afford such things for you. What will he say when he learns his bride-elect hired a suit of pearls to wear?"

Iris' cheeks flushed deliciously, and her voice

rung out decisively.
"I'll tell him if his grandfather had not

present. He could afford to give me the hand- the way his notes read.